

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

TEACHERS COLLEGE

MAY 25 1932

LIBRARY

No. 3994. Vol. 153
FOUNDED 1855

14 May 1932

Price Threepence
[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER]

PRINCIPAL FEATURES

	Page
THE PROBLEM OF POLICE REFORM - - - -	484
ARGUMENT: IS MAN AN APE OR AN ANGEL? -	485
THE NATURE OF PAIN - - - - -	487
PROFESSOR D. F. FRASER-HARRIS, M.D.	
BRIDGE MUSINGS. GOULASH - - - - -	490
SHORT STORY: MR. BEEMAN STEPS IN - - -	491

CONTENTS: The Week's Suggestions. Notes of the Week. Theatre. Films. New Novels. Reviews.
City. Correspondence.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

POLITICS are dead for the time being; economics is now the only wear for respectable statesmen. And a very strange suit they are making up of it—almost as strange as the business men would make of Government, if they were called upon to govern.

Inflation

The fashionable remedy of the day for economic ills, as was shown by a debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, is inflation. Only it must not be called inflation; anything, or almost anything else will do, but inflation must never be called inflation. Now when people refuse to call things by their proper names it is a sign that they do not really believe in them.

The actual facts which have given rise to the present situation are simple. Supply of both raw and finished articles has more than caught up with demand all over the world,

with the result that the markets, warehouses, and shops are everywhere overstocked, and over-production has led to a general fall in price-levels at home and abroad. Hence arises a diminution of enterprise, a fall of confidence and a series of disastrous bankruptcies.

It is impossible in present circumstances for the producer to cover his costs, and almost equally impossible either to lend or to utilise capital profitably. Hence the joint phenomenon of too many goods in the shops and too much money in the banks, both in effect unsaleable, or only saleable either at unremunerative rates or at an actual loss.

The American Example

The United States, which has suffered worse from the depression than ourselves, has in effect tried the remedy which is now proposed for our acceptance. There, too, President Hoover and the authorities in

PITMAN'S

FILM-PLAY PRODUCTION FOR AMATEURS

By G. H. SEWELL.

A book that should be read and studied by every owner of a cine camera and every amateur film actor. It is full of expert advice on technical details that contribute to the success of amateur productions. Profusely illustrated. 5s. net. Order a copy now, from a bookseller or:—

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Washington and New York all fought shy of the word Inflation—actually the catch-word employed was Reflation or “expansion of credit”—and probably for the same reasons.

Credit was injected into the industrial organism in America by the action of the banks earlier in the year, and credit is still being injected into the unfortunate patient, whose adiposity under Coolidge has now shrunk to a slimness that might be envied in a Mayfair drawing-room, but is hardly suitable for the more generous dimensions of Wall Street. But all to no effect.

Despite this artificial aid, prices in America are still falling, and the revivalists have now lost belief in their own remedies. The bottom has not yet been reached in the United States, and it seems improbable that prices have fallen to their final minimum here either.

The Pound Sterling

So far as our own Government's policy can be understood—I can hardly say defined—Mr. Chamberlain appears to want the Pound to be stabilised at about fifteen shillings, and to favour a rise in wholesale prices in terms of gold, and no rise in retail prices. In plain English the British Treasury is marking time, while America gambles and France sits steadily on her vaults of gold.

Bimetallism

Inactivity may be the wise policy at the moment, when it is impossible to see far ahead in the financial or industrial world; but while some of our politicians are talking Inflation, more attention is actually being paid by economists to the possibility of Bimetallism as a way out of our difficulties.

It must be confessed that this seems on the whole a more hopeful line of approach. In the United States, of course, they dare hardly breathe the word since the late Mr. Jennings Bryan made it ridiculous by his gaseous oratory, but here we have no such unfortunate association to forget, and there is much to be said for an impartial examination of the whole subject.

The Government should not lose too much time in approaching the matter. At the moment they appear to be relying on some miracle of financial healing being produced at Lausanne or Geneva. I exhort them to think in no such terms; that kind of political conference has been held once too often for the world to have the slightest faith in its healing powers.

The Share Slump

The slump in share values continues without abatement. Something is obviously behind it all. The truth is that our leading institutions are reluctantly engaged on the work of calling up guarantees and collateral security on all dubious loans or overdrafts. Hence the stream of sales and forced liquidation.

What else the banks can do I cannot see. Theirs is the basis of our credit structure: their solvency is the essential of all individual and corporate trading; and the banker's definition of solvency spells liquid assets. To a banker credit is his belief that at due date the borrower will repay. Doubt that, and he dare not lend.

The Rentier and His Cash

I hear that the London Stock Exchange is due to consider in relation to new promotions a proposal to require each quarter an audited statement of nett earnings and in the case of holding concerns a consolidated balance-sheet once a year. The first proposal is shipped here ex-New York direct: and both are sponsored in the light of the public's admittedly evanescent confidence in all securities. It can be only a question of time before such rulings, if now adopted, are made obligatory upon most or all public companies which the Exchange deals in.

Building Societies' Finance

The economic blizzard is leaving marks of its cyclonic passage even on our older building societies: with but two exceptions, these are forced to offer the high rate of 5 per cent. on deposits in order to keep liquid against withdrawals: and this is only financially possible from the state of the Stock markets. Contrary to practice the societies do not, and indeed dare not, foreclose on default by the house-owner.

Cinemas and Sweepstakes

The muddle and shilly-shallying over the Sunday Cinemas Bill is very discreditable to Parliament, and the present House of Commons is no better—indeed, in some ways it is a little worse—than its predecessor in this matter. I am afraid we must say the same as regards the issue of sweepstakes and hospitals, on which the record of the Government is frankly contemptible.

These moral questions are admittedly difficult not merely in the sense that they are highly controversial, but that they cut across party lines. But that is not really an excuse for the arrant cowardice that has been, and is being shown, on both issues by the Cabinet and the Home Office. It is precisely this sort of attitude, or rather lack of attitude, that gives us the reputation of hypocrites abroad.

The French President

The assassination of the French President last week was one of those senseless crimes which almost make one despair of civilisation and progress. A man of blameless life and staunch patriotism, M. Doumer was the shrewd and solid type that represents the moderate centre in French politics. He can have had no enemies at home, and even on the assumption that his murderer was a Bolshevik the crime remains purposeless.

It was suggested by some of the political pundits in Paris that one result of the tragedy would be a swing to the Right in French politics at the elections which were then in progress. The facts decisively contradicted the prophecy, for M. Herriot and his Radical-Socialist *bloc* won a conclusive victory over M. Tardieu.

This may very probably be a good thing for Europe, since it will be interpreted as a weakening, at least for the time being, of the French militarist spirit that has proved so recalcitrant at Lausanne and Geneva. But whether it is a good thing for France is quite another matter. The memories of the unhappy financial and economic results of M. Herriot's last administration eight years ago are still bitter.

Slump in Clubland

Only last week one of the great clubs rejected its 1931 accounts: they showed a trading loss over all of £700 with a prospective increase in 1932 to £1,700. An even greater club, which made a profit of £4,600 ten years ago, had only £200 to spare last year ("a d— close run thing" to quote Wellington at Waterloo). The enterprising Royal Aero is only just making ends meet, a near neighbour sighs for a millionaire, or re-founder.

The Outlook for the Southern Railway

I have it on reliable authority from those in the know that, unless a great and unexpected change comes over things shortly, the nett reduction in revenue of the Southern Railway in the current trading year must be round about a million. This hardly surprises those who follow traffics, though the figure (a nett estimate) shocks. The line serves no industrial area: while as to cross-Channel traffic it landed 61 persons in Paris on Good Friday.

Rome and Spiritualism

The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards spiritualism, as now officially defined, seems a rather strange combination of good sense and prejudice. If the reports are correct, the Vatican regards most manifestations of spiritualism as the work of the devil, but it does seem to admit that some of the phenomena are definitely worth study, at any rate by people with strong heads.

I am rather doubtful about the devilish aspect of the business; a good many of the messages that are alleged to come through from the other side are so silly and meaningless that on this hypothesis Satan must be a rather foolish person. But it is only fair to add that spiritualists themselves sometimes shudder at the powers of evil which are said to reveal themselves at seances, and if Rome has taken them at their word, they can hardly complain.

On the other hand, the Vatican does seem a little inclined to face both ways in this

matter, by the implied admission that there may be something in the phenomena of spiritualism. That, of course, is true, and Rome shows courage in admitting the fact. But unless the summarised reports do Rome an injustice, she is not likely to do anything but frown on psychic research in the future. I cannot help thinking that this is a pity.

The Falling Stick

It is beginning increasingly difficult to follow the rapid succession of cosmological theories with which Sir James Jeans and other astronomers puzzle or delight the crowd of intellectuals at scientific lectures. A few years ago the universe was like a rubber ball, finite but boundless. Then it was a firework display, a sort of Brock's benefit that was burning itself out; now it is like a falling stick—except that, unlike any known stick, it is presumed to be falling in all directions at once.

Sir James is as fertile in his imagery as a poet, and the pedestrian scientist can only envy the ease with which he constructs and discards his analogies. But sometimes he is a little apt to abuse his own mental gifts, and a case in point occurred in his Mond lecture at Manchester on Mondony.

"When the curved universe stands at rest," he remarked, "any minute impulse is sufficient to pull the trigger, to set the motion going, and determine the direction of this motion. But once the motion has been started its subsequent progress results from, and depends only on, the properties of the universe itself."

This is all very well, but has the curved universe of theory and fact ever stood at rest? Is not mass merely motion? If there were no motion, at least no variety of motion, would there be any mass? What sort of a universe existed "before the motion started"? And finally is not Sir James mixing up the universe, which is motionless, with the cosmos, which is motion?

Laggard Spring

Every year one hears laments of the lateness of Spring, but this year the complaints for once seem justified. All over the country the trees are quite exceptionally behind the normal dates, the flowers are equally reluctant, and only the birds seem to pursue their ordinary activities in the heavy rains that are now making up for the winter drought.

Perhaps we need not altogether regret the late awakening. At any rate, when nature was similarly reluctant in 1924, the gloomy April was followed by a riot of colour towards the end of May, when everything seemed to blossom at once, and there was almost an excess of colour and song in field and hedge-row from Tweed to Tamar.

THE PROBLEM OF POLICE REFORM

THE shortcomings of the police, real or alleged, are occasionally made the subject of a sensational article in the popular press after some undiscovered murder or smash-and-grab raid; but the actual conditions under which the police work, and the somewhat haphazard way in which the administrative system has grown up, have received less attention than the subject warrants.

Their patch work origin accounts for the existence of so many Police Forces. To-day in addition to the Metropolitan Police Force and the City of London Force there are 60 separate County Police Forces and 121 separate Borough Police Forces. According to the latest Returns the average numbers of all ranks varied last year from 19,682 in the case of the Metropolitan Police to nine in the Tiverton Borough Force. Three County Forces numbered only 22, 16 and 10 respectively, while the Force of the County Borough of Canterbury numbered 35. In the face of such facts, and having regard to the vast changes that have taken place since the Forces were established, no one can challenge the need for the Investigation, which is at present being conducted by a Select Committee, into the question of amalgamating the small Forces with larger ones.

The first such issue that presents itself is the question of the difference between the government of a Borough Police Force and the government of a County Police Force.

In a Borough the police are under a Watch Committee which is a statutory committee of the Borough Council consisting of members of the Council. In a County the Police Authority is the Standing Joint Committee consisting of equal numbers of members appointed by the County Council and the Quarter Sessions. When County Councils were created in 1888 there was a reluctance to give them even the control over the County Police, that Quarter Sessions had previously enjoyed, let alone the powers, which the Watch Committee had in every Borough. Since 1888 the County Councils and the Borough Councils have in general been equally entrusted with the administration of local and semi-national services, and there is no logical reason for not placing county police under a statutory committee of a County Council just as borough police are under a Watch Committee of a Borough Council. There is, too, another very important aspect of the question; in a Borough the constables are appointed by the Watch Committee and the Chief Constable cannot impose any punishment on a constable, other than a caution, except with the confirmation of the Watch Committee; in a County, however, the Chief Constable appoints the constables "and at his Pleasure may dismiss all or any of

them," without being under any obligation to consult anyone. Even if Standing Joint Committees are continued in counties they should not be continued in a position which is inferior to that of Watch Committees; further no reasonable man can gainsay that the Borough disciplinary procedure is fairer to the police; it would therefore seem to be essential that in any re-organisation scheme the Borough disciplinary procedure should be applied to the County Police Forces.

A second issue, which admittedly is not so easy of solution as the last, is the problem of the appointment of Chief Constables. In the Counties men are not infrequently appointed with unimpeachable social credentials, but with little or no experience of police administration and sometimes with no aptitude for acquiring it. In the Boroughs considerations of fitness for the post are not infrequently subordinated to personal considerations much in the same way as they are in the Counties, though the persons appointed are usually selected from people who have had a really practical police experience. There is unfortunately a social gulf between County Chief Constables as a class and Borough Chief Constables, which cannot be conducive to smooth working. Each class has its own Association, a fact that must tend to stress differences, and human nature being what it is, these things sink in deeply.

Generally it seems that the qualifications of a Chief Constable should be revised; possibly some form of Central Staff Selection Board should be created and no one should be eligible for appointment as a Chief Constable, who did not hold a certificate from the Board in the nature of a Staff College certificate.

Finally there is a third important issue, which should be mentioned. In 1930, it was decided by Mr. Justice McCardie in the case of *Fisher v. Oldham Corporation* that the Oldham Police, when executing a warrant, were fulfilling their duties as officers of the Crown and were not acting as servants or agents of the Oldham Corporation, with the result that the Plaintiff, who had been admittedly improperly arrested was unable to obtain damages against the Corporation for false imprisonment. There is a tendency on the part of some Chief Constables to quote that case as an authority for virtually ignoring their Local Police Authority, and there is a suspicion that the Home Office is not unaware of what is happening. Changes in administration and in the area of Police Forces are inevitable, but the County and Borough Police Forces should be subject to their Local Police Authorities, and it seems desirable that the position that has arisen as the result of the case of *Fisher v. Oldham Corporation* should be clarified by legislation.

THE
b
n
degree of
Unfort
be subject
fusion w
When
freehold.
preacher,
social ac
possible
empty m
life is ab
"the sq
nothing
ing he n
then rea
Again
priest's
he woul
Consisto
gentle a
his clerg
can be
power.
come to
Exper
the wor
undoubt
ated wit
surround
episcopa
gossip a
The
opposed
because
of the

THIS

ANGE

W

recent
univers
is total
is now
thought
modern
tion, is
change
Evoluti
of fatal
the gro
phase
it woul
The

CLERICAL DISCIPLINE

By A PARISH PRIEST

THE innocence or guilt of the Rector of Stiffkey will be determined by the proper authority, but in the meantime the public has been aroused to some degree of interest in the subject of clerical discipline.

Unfortunately the whole subject is too complicated to be subjected to hasty reforms which may well make confusion worse confounded.

When a priest is admitted to a living he is given a freehold. He may be a man of few gifts, a poor preacher, hopeless with men and boys, he may have few social accomplishments, above all he may have an impossible wife; but however much he may fail, however empty may be his church, he cannot be removed. If his life is above suspicion then although he may be very much "the square peg in a round hole," his Bishop can do nothing to remove him. Even if his conduct is unbecoming he may be as wise as a serpent and no whisper will then reach the outer world.

Again the Bishop may hear only rumours of a certain priest's misconduct and on the strength of rumour only he would not dare to set in motion the machinery of his Consistory Court. It is not impossible to imagine a gentle and kindly prelate unwilling to prosecute one of his clergy. Along these lines it would seem that a case can be made for the desirability of increasing episcopal power. Quite frankly such a proposal would be unwelcome to the majority of the clergy.

Experience leads one to believe that Bishops are often the worst judges of character. The episcopal system undoubtedly lends itself to the abuses sometimes associated with Court favouritism. Only too often a Bishop is surrounded by place-seekers who, eager to bask in the episcopal smile, only too readily repeat and magnify gossip about the lives and conduct of the parish clergy.

The majority of the Lower Clergy have steadfastly opposed the Church legislation of the past ten years just because it has tended to concentrate power in the hands of those who are known as Bishop's men.

The Clergy realize only too well the imperfections of those who man the episcopal bench and because Prelates are so often creatures of whims and fancies, likes and dislikes, they cling to their independence as if it were the rock on which the Church is built. Most of them would agree with Canon Liddon: "It is not difficult to maintain that Bishops are of the *Esse* of the Church, it would be difficult to maintain that they are of the *Dene Esse*."

The question of clerical discipline cannot however be considered solely as a question between Bishops and their clergy. There is another factor—the layman.

The intelligent layman would not condemn a whole profession merely because of scandals in one or two cases. But we must remember that the majority of religious people are simple souls and they may not have learnt to detach the faith they have received in him from whom they have received it. All these side-issues must be faced in any consideration of the subject of clerical discipline.

It is sometimes suggested that the Church of England would do well to imitate the disciplinary system of the Roman Catholic Church. This would be quite impossible. The soil of the Establishment is very different to that of the Roman Catholic Church, and the type of man who has taken Holy Orders in the past would never serve in a church subject to episcopal tyranny of the latin brand. The attraction of the Anglican ministry lies in its freedom and independence.

On the other hand some discipline is essential with a body of men discharging sacred responsibilities. When all the factors have been considered it is doubtful whether the present system of clerical discipline in the Anglican Church can be improved upon. It does provide those safeguards which are needed when a man's character is being called in question. Above all, despite its apparent faults and glaring inconsistencies, it works well on the whole, and in England such a judgment should secure its continuance.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

IS MAN AN APE OR AN ANGEL ?

ANGEL, By BERNARD ACWORTH.

WHETHER Man is by origin an Ape or an Angel is a question upon which Western Civilisation will soon be forced to clear its mind. In recent years man's beastly origin has been almost universally accepted as true, notwithstanding that proof is totally lacking. Evolution, whether true or false, is now the dynamic of life, governing action and thought in every sphere of human activity. The modernist Gospel of Progress, another name for Evolution, is on all occasions cited as the justification for any change or innovation, whether popular or otherwise. Evolution, in short, is accepted as a natural law, a law of fatalistic change. Mr. Baldwin went so far as to excuse the growing anarchy in India as being an inevitable phase of evolution with which, we must suppose, it would be foolhardy to tamper.

The laws of physics, regarded as absolute long after

APE, By SOLOMON RAW.

ST. PAUL asserts that man was made a little lower than the angels. The last of the Apostles was not a naturalist (as his curious blunder on the death of a seed in the ground sufficiently proves) but his theology is presumably above reproach. The proposition, then, that man is an angel need not be further examined.

The alternative of the ape is, of course, a piece of alliteration (which dates from Disraeli) and a mere literary trick. An ape is a Primate. So is a Man. But man is not an ape, nor yet a chimpanzee, any more than a Sealyham is an Airedale, or a Brussels sprout is a cauliflower.

Structure and function alike, however, as shown both by embryology and anatomy provide such a mass of physical likenesses and such relatively few physical differences between the Primates as to furnish the

ANGEL

IS MAN AN APE OR AN ANGEL?—Contd.

APE

organic evolution was accepted as true, had perforce to be treated as relative if any semblance of harmony was to be retained for the universe; hence Einstein, relativity and the denial of absolute measurement, and thus of the existence of Truth.

In the religious world Dr. Barnes, with sound logic, preaches to boys and girls the relativity of sin, for it is clear to him, as well as to his pupils, that in an evolving environment, peopled by evolving men and women conditioned by their environment, as evolution postulates, nothing can be absolutely wrong, or right, a doctrine which is not only logical, given the major premise, but which the rising generation is ruthlessly accepting. If men born of women are evolving from apes, so was the Founder of what was once the Christian Faith, and it follows therefore that his teaching was as imperfect as himself, suitable no doubt to his environment, but quite unsuited to adjudicate upon the actions of modernist men and women.

In one respect only is our National life to-day in consistent with the Ape creed. Evolutionists, holders of a creed of nationalism in the persons of Bishops and Feminists, preach the advantages, if not the glories of unnatural practices.

Supposing the doctrine of Man's beastly origin is false, and that he is in truth, like all his forefathers, a sadly fallen and erring son of God, who, by the misuse of his will, has brought this world to its present sorry pass, what then? Surely hope can once again take the place of that terrible fatalism inherent in the doctrine of Evolution. Leaving aside the admittedly vulnerable material arguments for evolution the evidence for Man as a fallen angel must appear strong, even to those who do not regard it as invincible. Man is essentially a creator. His creations, whether railway engines, motor bicycles, cathedrals, lighting systems or moonlight sonatas, are the embodiments of his abstract ideas derived from his apprehension of certain natural laws which he brings into the necessary conjunction to give expression to his thought.

Will anyone suggest that the works of man are evolutionary in nature? From what did the Moonlight Sonata spring? Can Beethoven's work die or change, even though the musical instruments, which make it physically audible, perish? Is it seriously believed that the poems of Miss Edith Sitwell mark a rung on an evolutionary ladder with Homer's *Odyssey* at the base? Is it conceivable that a bridge exists between the mind that discovered the Planet Neptune, or gave to the world the Psalms of David, and the natural instincts which induce a dog to return to its vomit?

A column does not afford the means of reasoned argument on so great a theme, nor yet of exposing the monumental non-sequiturs in the evolutionary jig-saw. I must content myself, therefore, with saying that my reason supports me without the aid of Christianity, as it supported the ancients, in my conviction that Man, notwithstanding that most of us are fools when we are not blackguards, is still potentially an Angel and that in our capacity to recognise ourselves as fallen angels and miserable sinners lies not only the justification for our Faith but the only hope for the individual and thus for the world.

strongest presumption of descent from one common stock. The physical variations (tails and no-tails, tree and ground-dwellers, vegetarian or carnivorous habits, and so on) within the Primate group are considerable, but less than those in other zoological classes where nobody doubts common origin. Here, as among other Mammals, and their predecessors the Marsupials, and their predecessors the Amphibia, Reptilia, and Fishes, it is simply the accumulation of evidence along one line, and the paucity of evidence as to any other line of descent, that turns possibility into probability, and probability into something like certainty. The difficulty of the evolution theory is not so much the facts, but the unexplored area behind the known facts, and the possibility of unknown law and ulterior purpose behind that unexplored area.

Mentally the gap between man and monkey (to adopt the phraseology beloved of those who would sooner appeal to prejudice than argument) is greater than physically. The development of the human brain beyond that of the other primates by whom it appears to have been surrounded has not been explained nor yet the fact that it appears—from the evidence of skulls—to have reached an optimum point thousands of years ago and then to have stood still.

Here the difficulty is partly due to insufficient evidence, which is gradually being remedied by discoveries of human and other remains all over the world; and partly due to ignorance of pre-history, which is very conjectural. But this is not the whole trouble; pride and prejudice both get in the way.

We like to regard our own behaviour as intellectual and that of other animals as instinctive; Descartes even went so far as to regard them as mechanisms without mind. This attitude has led, and still leads, to innumerable blunders of interpretation; for a great many of our reactions are instinctive and ancestral, whereas many animals whom we do not suspect of intelligence have a great deal. Psychology as a science is still in its infancy, and will remain so until we revise our ideas and indeed our whole attitude by giving up the idea that humanity is the sole possessor of mind.

This idea, is of course, completely untenable; every owner of a horse or a dog knows that these animals think, and that within their limits they think as accurately as human beings.

The extent and more particularly the limitations of thought among the higher quadrupeds are extremely puzzling, even to close observers, but cannot the same be said of human beings, who are so quick at seeing some points and so singularly obtuse on others? The difference, in fact, between the mental capacity of the quadruped and the biped is one of degree rather than kind, and the same may be said lower down the scale: roughly speaking any animal has about as much mental capacity as it needs to survive in its normal environments, neither much more nor much less. If it is protected and sheltered (in other words if it does not have to work) its mental capacity tends to diminish, like the tame rabbit—and this too, as we all know, is very often true of human beings.

W
tion of
But
"referr
within
A "
felt in
quite d
from th
a stone
An
you tak
tingling
The
in the
system,
is tran
the mi
the no
Exam
cal dia
the liv
blade,
have a
pain i
which
sensory
The
here th
existen
which
of the
The
natory
being
which
regist
The
nerve
which
should
still sa
It is
to a
Lond
the L
telegr
in the
moved
The
All
vitalit
to mi
patien
longer
the u

THE NATURE OF PAIN—II.

BY PROFESSOR D. F. FRASER-HARRIS, M.D.

WE have seen that physical pain is of three kinds, excessive stimulation of nerves, stimulation of nerves in the wrong places, and finally irritation of the nerves of pure pain.

But there are two very interesting kinds of pain, "referred" and "hallucinatory," which do not come within this tripartite group.

A "referred" sensation or pain is a sensation or pain felt in one part of the body when the irritation is in some quite different part. The irritated part may be far away from the part that has the sensation, when, for instance, a stone in the kidney gives a pain in the heel.

An excellent example of a referred sensation is that if you take too much mustard into the mouth, you have a tingling sensation in the tip of the nose.

The real irritation is, of course, on the tongue and not in the nose, but somewhere in the depths of the nervous system, the irritation of the sensory nerve of the tongue is transferred to the sensory nerve from the nose so that the mind, making a mistake, imagines that the end of the nose is being stimulated.

Examples of referred pain are of great service in medical diagnosis, as when there is something wrong with the liver and we have a pain behind the right shoulder-blade, when something is wrong with the heart, and we have a pain shooting down the left arm. A referred pain is an *illusion*, for we think it to be in a place which is not the source of the irritation; we have made a sensory mistake.

The hallucinatory pains are still more interesting, for here there is pain in a part that *was*, in a part now non-existent. Thus men have had pain in a leg or arm which was long before amputated. One man complained of the pain of a corn in a foot he no longer possessed.

The explanation of this pain in the so-called "hallucinatory absent member" is that the nerves in the stump, being irritated, transmit to the brain certain impulses which are received by the same centre that previously registered sensations from the amputated limb.

The same brain-centre receives impulses over the same nerve that formerly had origin, say, in the hand but which now arise in the amputation-wound at the shoulder. The brain that for so many years said "hand," still says "hand," although no hand is there.

It is as though someone in Edinburgh was telegraphing to a friend in London, and if then, unknown to the London man, he suddenly transported himself to York, the London man would still imagine that he was being telegraphed to from Edinburgh. There would be nothing in the receiving instrument to tell him his friend had moved.

The brain is the receiving instrument.

All pain is fatiguing, and as such depressing to one's vitality. This is why the physician strives so consistently to mitigate or prevent it. It is so advantageous to the patient to be preserved from the anti-vital effects of prolonged or severe pain. This is one beneficial result of the use of general anesthetics.

We are now in a position to enquire into the nature of pain in the lower animals, a subject about which there is much misunderstanding and not a little misrepresentation.

The first thing that has to be said is that struggling, writhing or convulsions are no evidence of consciousness, far less of pain. A decapitated animal is capable of "purposeful" movements: a hen or duck with its head cut off can still run some way round the farm-yard; yet these birds are completely unconscious. The headless frog can carry out quite complicated reflex actions which are surprisingly like conscious ones, but are not, for the headless frog will hang motionless from a hook until it becomes a mummy. It notices nothing, desires nothing, originates nothing, avoids nothing.

The decapitated snake will wind itself round a red-hot poker, which no conscious animal would do. No brain, no pain. The calf with its throat cut (as in the Jewish method of slaughtering) and therefore with no blood in its brain will, on falling to the floor unconscious, struggle and kick while its spinal cord is dying.

Thus it is extremely probable that all those invertebrates which have no brain—oysters, crabs, lobsters, snails, worms, etc.—do not experience anything resembling pain in ourselves and in the vertebrate animals.

There is no doubt at all that the skin in man and in animals is the chief seat of pain, but the sensory richness of the human skin is much greater than is the skin of the lower animals.

Once the skin has been penetrated, there is no pain, say, on handling the healthy or uninflamed internal organs. For as we have seen, the healthy internal organs—heart, blood-vessels, lungs, liver, intestines, etc.—give no indications of their presence. As soon, however, as any of these organs or their coverings are inflamed, the pain may be very acute. Thus the pains of inflamed intestine (enteritis and peritonitis), of inflamed bone (periostitis), of pleurisy, etc., can be excruciating. The fact that a normal internal organ of some lower animal is exposed in an accident or is being handled in an operation is no necessary proof that the organ is the seat of pain. A bone may be broken, the liver penetrated, the intestine cut, even the heart and the brain itself penetrated, without pain being felt.

We should not interpret the discomfort of injured animals in terms of human sensitiveness. A dog with a broken leg dangling, will hop about on the other three legs not very much concerned. A horse which has just fallen down and cut its knees will stand trembling for some time afterwards, but is evidently not greatly distressed.

A fish that has had a hook in its gills will return very shortly to the same hook. Animals caught in traps and snares—odious and cruel as these things are—struggle to get free and thereby hurt themselves, but once they are free, they do not seem very disturbed by their injuries. A dog enjoys fighting, and, once he has got his enemy's fangs out of his ear or neck, does not worry very much

about his wounds. But on the *mental* side, the distress of animals may be extreme. The mind of an animal like that of a child is so limited that anything it has never seen before is a puzzle to it.

Anything that an animal cannot understand, especially if suddenly confronted with it, may throw the creature into a state of terror. It is the unknown and the unsuspected that children and animals cannot abide. The dog bays at the moon which it mistakes for a strange and unfriendly eye. The horse will leap aside at a fluttering piece of paper; the fish darts off startled at a man's shadow.

A dog surprised and alarmed will bite even its own master. The apprehension of impending ill makes animals quarrelsome and irritable. Hunted animals are thrown into a state of extreme agitation. The panic of

the hunted hare, fox or stag is pitiable; the sight of its natural enemies drives an animal to desperation.

We are apt to overlook the painful aspect of a lower animal's *mental* life. Animals can certainly suffer from mental anguish, suffer as children suffer when they do not comprehend what is about to happen, for both children and animals dread the *unknown*. Animals can be disappointed as truly as can human beings. They know when they are being cheated, frustrated, circumvented, and their powerlessness makes them irritable and fierce.

Animals can suffer inconsolable grief. Wordsworth told a true story of the dog that starved for three months on Helvellyn, and we in Edinburgh know that "Greyfriar's Bobby" was no myth.

Even a dog has been faithful unto death.

THE MOTHER OF BEETHOVEN

THE grave of Ludwig von Beethoven's mother, the location of which had been forgotten for decades, has been discovered by Professor Knickenberg, head of the Beethoven House in Bonn. It was found in the Old Cemetery in this city on the Rhine in which the great composer was born.

Maria Magdalena Beethoven, née Keverich, died of tuberculosis on July 17, 1787, at the age of 40. Her son Ludwig was then only 17. The inscription on the gravestone disintegrated under the influence of the weather, the stone itself was finally removed, and the grave forgotten. The Old Cemetery, which lies in the centre of the city, was closed altogether in 1884.

The finding of the grave now is due to Heinrich Baum, a Bonn writer, who is a great-grandson of a Frau Baum who was Beethoven's godmother. In his youth his school class was often conducted by the teacher to this cemetery where many distinguished persons are buried. He remembered that a slab of sandstone bearing the name of Beethoven's mother had stood over a grave near the cemetery entrance, near the grave of Friedrich von Schiller's wife. He recalled also that another small slab at the foot of the grave had borne the Italian name *Matari*, that of a clergyman who had been buried here in 1826.

Up to that time no record had been kept of burials, but in that year the administration of Bonn came into the hands of Prussia, and from then on accurate lists were available. It was thus possible to establish exactly the site of *Matari's* grave, even though the tombstone had been removed. In earlier days, when Bonn was ruled by an elector and did not belong to Prussia, graves were dug much deeper than was the case later, and hence, if Herr Baum was right in his location, two skeletons should be found here, one below the other. If the lower one was that of a woman it could safely be assumed that it was that of Beethoven's mother.

The Beethoven House summoned Professor Wagenseil of the University of Bonn, the anatomist and anthropolo-

gist, to be present at the opening of the grave. At a depth of about five and a half feet a man's remains were found, and a foot and a half deeper a female's skeleton. All the attendant circumstances made it certain that the last resting place of the great composer's mother had been found.

The Beethoven House will restore the grave to its original condition and erect a tombstone. The city of Bonn will care for the grave in perpetuity. Thus the birthplace of Beethoven is enriched by a new memory of its famous son. The oldest of the many autograph letters of Ludwig von Beethoven in the possession of the Beethoven House was written by the youth immediately after his mother's death.

"She was such a good, dear mother, my best friend," he wrote. "Nobody could be happier than I when I could speak the dear name mother—and she heard me."

Few if any cemeteries in Germany can boast so many noted names as the Old Cemetery in Bonn. Here rest the most famous Professors of the University of Bonn in the 19th century, among them August Wilhelm von Schlegel, the "poet of freedom" Ernst Moritz Arndt, the historians Dahlmann and Niebuhr, the astronomer, F. W. A. Argelander, the Germanist Karl Simrock, the philologist Herman Usener and the Boisserée brothers, famous art collectors. A stately monument stands over the graves of Robert and Clara Schumann, and nearby is the grave of Mathilde Wesendonck, who was the inspiration for some of Richard Wagner's greatest master works. A simple stone marks the last resting place of Charlotte von Lengefeld, Schiller's wife, and of Ernst von Schiller, who is buried beside his mother. A few steps away is the grave of Adele Schopenhauer, sister of the famous philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer. Another noted man buried in this cemetery is Franz Xaver Ries, fatherly friend and teacher of Ludwig von Beethoven, who died in 1846 at the age of 91.

MURDER BY PROXY—II.

By W. S. CHADWICK

LATER on I told N'yeró's story to an American missionary who knew something of the swamp-dwelling Bamaashi natives. In return he told me the following story, which I will recount here in my own words from notes I made at the time.

The chief of the Bamaashi clan the story refers to was "Susoweri," and he and his family, with numerous relatives, had adopted the hippo as their totem. He never permitted the killing of hippo in the hundred miles of river running through his territory, and as a result the pachyderms became very numerous and lost all fear of man. Hippo from less favoured parts of the river migrated there for sanctuary, and owing to the risk of upset no natives would travel by river. Even gardens had to be made fifteen miles away in the forest to be safe from their depredations!

So that a Portuguese hunter who one day arrived in the district dreamed rosy visions of fat profits to come, when he discovered how numerous the great beasts were. He had no sooner shot two, however, than he discovered his mistake. He had pulled the carcasses from the stream with his oxen, and was busy with his boys at the task of skinning, when an excited crowd of natives arrived and harangued his boys.

He was told that Susoweri the chief had been ill for some days, and had that morning grown worse, about the time he had shot the hippo. That this was without doubt due to his killing the two hippo; one of which had been the chief's totem—according to the local witch doctor.

The Portuguese hunter laughed at the story and expressed his intention of killing more. But here he reckoned without his boys. These intervened and told him that on no account would they assist him now that they knew the hippo might hold the lives of men. With some difficulty he persuaded them to complete the skinning by promising that he would abstain from killing more. He told them that afterwards he would hunt other game in the forest ten miles away. Unfortunately for him, however, Susoweri died that night of blackwater fever. His brother, Sitwana, attributed his death to the white man who had killed his totem, and vowed vengeance.

Since fear of the authorities prevented plain murder he went to a friend of the Mampakush tribe fifteen miles away, whose family had taken the leopard as its totem. This man, "Mulinyane" was the brother of the local witch doctor and was said to have the power of assuming the leopard shape at will. In this guise he had already taken vengeance on several enemies according to local report, and needless to say, the belief was carefully fostered by his brother the "doctor."

To assist the soul to free itself for its vendetta the witch doctor's aid in putting the avenger into a hypnotic trance was often invoked; and to him the pair went. Sitwana agreed to pay a heifer each to Mulinyane and his brother, provided that he personally witnessed the death of the Portuguese. So sending him from the hut, the doctor commenced work on his brother.

Presently he called Sitwana, who beheld his friend stretched rigid and apparently unconscious on the doctor's bed. Then the latter told him that Mulinyane's soul had taken the leopard shape and awaited him in a certain

belt of rocky country twenty miles away. This district was famous for leopards and buffalo—as both Sitwana and the doctor knew—and was moreover on the route the Portuguese had taken. Then the doctor instructed him to offer himself as guide to the hunter. On the morrow he would find the spoor of a leopard which had dragged a kill. This he would follow until he saw on the spoor a small red berry, which would tell him the beast was close by. He would then induce the white man to go ahead, draw the beast's charge, and run.

On these instructions Sitwana offered himself that evening at the hunter's camp, dilating upon his skill as a tracker, and his knowledge of the elusive leopard. Leopard skins were scarce and very valuable, and he was duly engaged. Next morning he led the hunter in the direction the doctor had indicated, and when within a few miles of the rocky country they came on the spoor of a large leopard. Beside it in the soft sand was the track of some heavy object which had been dragged, and Sitwana pointed this out as evidence that the beast had dragged prey to his lair, and would be found sleeping.

But along that game path to the water Mulinyane had passed two hours earlier, and on finding the spoor of the leopard, had dragged behind him a small skin bag partly filled with sand, to obliterate his spoor. He had found the leopard spoor where he expected to find it, and wished to ensure its attack on the Portuguese; as he admitted afterwards at the official inquiry.

After following the spoor for a few miles the hunter came to a ridge of rocky boulders and thick undergrowth, and straight ahead of him loomed the mouth of a cave between two giant rocks. The spoor of leopard and drag led straight into this apparently. But had he made close investigation he would have found that the drag spoor ceased in the shadow of the rock, while the pug marks went in. It had been with a quaking heart that the barefooted Mulinyane had ventured even to the entrance.

Just as he neared the cave Sitwana observed a small red berry on the spoor, and immediately he dropped behind the hunter whispering that the leopard was asleep in the cave. Surreptitiously he produced a stone from his waist cloth and hurled it straight into the cave. Then he fled with a yell, and the porters followed suit.

From the cave a startled leopard flashed, with fangs bared in anger, and spitting a menace as he came. The Portuguese was only a yard from the entrance and before he could fire the beast was upon him. He went down under its weight, and next instant the spotted fury was tearing at his throat upon the ground.

When his boys found courage to advance they found his dead body lying where it had fallen, and beside it the figure of Mulinyane, whom Sitwana had last seen in a supposed trance. He believed implicitly that the vanished leopard now stood before him in human shape!

He got it. But he also got three years imprisonment for practising witchcraft when the facts came to light. Yet to this day the leopard totem clan believes that Mulinyane killed the Portuguese in leopard guise, and that each member of the clan has power to do the same should occasion arise. Since their neighbours believe it too, it is often very profitable to them!

BRIDGE MUSINGS—PARTNERSHIP

By GOULASH

IN a previous article I touched on the subject of the army of "mugs" at Bridge. They far outweigh the other two classes of players which I shall have to label "stars" and "rabbits."

As to the "stars"—the players, who are able to claim by figures that they are winners not only at the end of most years, but big winners over a long period—there are, as I have before said, very few indeed.

As to the "rabbits," they are either those players who are in the course of learning or those players (and how rare they are) who are aware of the fact that, through lack of what is known as "card-sense," they never can hope to win in the long run, but for the fun they enjoy at the table take their inevitable losses without worry or fuss.

A great friend of mine who is in business in the Midlands put this in a nutshell the other day. He comes to London nearly every week-end and is a most enthusiastic Bridge player.

He enjoys every minute of every rubber and I've never seen him without a beatific expression on his face, from the moment the cards are laid on the table. This is in considerable contrast to the worried expression on the faces of certain other players, an expression—and I know my friend will not mind this tiny joke—which is often doubled if one of them cuts him as partner. Talking to me one day on Bridge in general, he said, "I often wonder if you are not a little surprised at my continuing to play this game. But I've worked it out this way. When I come down here for the week-ends, if I was not playing Bridge, I should most certainly be taking my relaxation elsewhere, either expensive dinners, theatres, cinemas, dog-racing, or pure pub-crawling. But as I'm mad keen about Bridge, I see no earthly reason why I should not lose my money this way. I cut my cloth according to my measure and look on it as an Entertainment Tax. What do you think about that?"

I answered that not only did I consider that he could look on himself as a big winner on common-sense, but a vastly bigger winner considering what he would lose if he took up a different attitude and began to worry. And I also added what I think he was too modest to believe, that anybody with the slightest gumption should prefer to cut him as partner than many other supposedly or potentially more skilled players for that reason alone.

To get on to the subject of Partnership. I should like to point out in the strongest possible way that it is of much more importance to make your own meaning clear to your partner than it is to worry and fluster yourself as to what on earth your partner is trying to convey to you.

If you are playing with a partner more experienced than yourself, by attempting both in bidding and the play of the hand to indicate the strength, and weaknesses of your hand, you may be sure that he will take every advantage of the information and will be much more grateful than if, in a misguided effort to follow a flood of ill-digested ideas on various conventions, you find yourself having to explain after the hand is over that your reason for calling "Three Clubs," had been that you had had an idea that his original call of "Two Hearts" meant that he had two and a half quick tricks over and above

something or other which you can't quite recollect now.

On the other hand, if your partner is a "rabbit" or an unknown quantity, it is quite as essential to tell the whole truth and "nothing else but."

It is the way of the "mug," to read obscure and complicated meanings into his partner's bids. This is altogether a hopeless proposition.

You can never be held to blame for taking your partner's call at its face value. If he is a sound partner, you can't go far wrong and, when, as the best players do occasionally, he has been a trifle frolicsome, he will be the first to relieve you of any blame. If he is a "mug" he'll probably argue, but do not be disturbed. He'll probably continue to let you down but take his calls at their face value and I'll guarantee that you'll lose much less. If he's a "rabbit," he'll probably ask the advice of an abler player, offer you an apology and be grateful and stimulated for your obvious confidence.

I have seen it proved time and time again that distrust of one's partner is by far the swiftest road to costly defeat. If you cut with the "rabbit" against two much better players, your bidding and general play should be exactly the same as if you had cut with your favourite partner. Do not try to manœuvre the bidding so that you can play the hand yourself. However bad your partner is he cannot make such a bloomer in the play to compensate you for the very grave trouble you will nearly always find yourself in, if you have tried to "wangle" the bidding into your own hand.

And apart from the immediate disastrous results, you will rattle him and he will either underbid in the future or try to conform to your play by some unorthodox method himself. You cannot "kid" a weak partner along by more or less telling him you have no confidence in him. The most hopeless "rabbit" will play infinitely better with another "rabbit" who trusts him than with the best class player who will not trust him.

And while I am on this subject of Partnership, do not underestimate the opposition. Even if you cut with a good player against two "rabbits," remember that cards must tell. Some of the biggest rubbers I have seen lost, especially at Contract, have been by two supposedly very good players who have cut against two "rabbits." It looks easy for them and they begin taking one or two liberties and get in a "jam." Still they remain confident that given time, either they will get out on a Hand that they may not even deserve to do or that the opposition will commit some fearful crime which they will be able to penalise badly.

Not even the "stars" can expect to win every rubber and although plenty of rubbers are certainly given away "with a pound of tea," its very seldom those in which the Aces and Kings have been rigidly keeping on one side of the table.

Therefore, I repeat, trust your partner. If you have made this resolution, then go all out to give him the clearest possible indications both in bidding and in play and don't worry too much if he in turn is not so clear to you. That's his fault and you can't possibly alter an individual's type of play, more particularly in the middle of a hand.

STORY

MR. BEEMAN STEPS IN

By PHYLLIS LEWIS

WHEN Mr. Beeman took lodgings at Twickenham, it was in the hope of securing absolute quietness. He was not very strong, nor was he by temperament suited to the modern-day rush, and in addition, he was writing a monograph on the subject of Egypt scarabs.

He was thin and small and a trifle weedy looking, was Mr. Beeman. He had a kind, if timid, smile and his eyes behind his glasses were gentle.

Mr. Beeman was pleased to discover that his immediate neighbour, Mr. Frampton, was not unlike him. He had the same scholastic stoop, the same wistful manner, and he too, it appeared, was writing. He did not say what. He just made a vague gesture and seemed to think that Mr. Beeman ought to know what it was that he was writing.

Mr. Beeman was a bachelor, but Mr. Frampton, he learned, was a widower, and had a daughter who had digs in London where she worked as a dress designer. Theoretically Mr. Beeman envied him, when Mr. Frampton informed him of the fact. But after he had seen Natalie, his envy became more practical. For Natalie was fair with brown eyes, and a trusting, childlike expression.

And he was really annoyed when he found out that Mr. Frampton did not appreciate her as he ought. It was when she had left after visiting her father one Sunday that Mr. Frampton said that he was worried about her.

"She's not strong?" queried Mr. Beeman, anxiously.

"Not strong-minded," corrected Mr. Frampton. "I never know what she is doing. She is the sort of girl that, if she fell in love might take it into her head to ignore everything that she has been brought up to, and go right off the rails."

It hadn't struck Mr. Beeman that she was that sort of girl at all. She seemed so—so pure. He admitted to himself that it was difficult for him to judge, not knowing much about women, and remembered that still waters ran deep and all that sort of thing.

But he had a deeper inner conviction that his friend, even though he was Natalie's father, must be wrong, quite, quite wrong. But then Mr. Beeman was one of those rare individuals that like to picture all beautiful women as being good, especially Natalie.

There was nothing very personal about it, but not having any strong human ties, Mr. Beeman, when he was not occupied with the scarabs, lived mainly in his imagination, and he liked to create for himself pleasant pictures. And Natalie being anything other than good would upset the pictures badly. But he assured himself over and over again that Mr. Frampton, possibly an over-anxious and therefore over-strict father, was wrong.

But when he came home one day and heard from his neighbour's rooms the sound of raised voices, his heart misgave him. Two he recognised—Natalie's and her father's—but the third was strange and it was a man's. Mr. Beeman trembled slightly as he listened. And not to listen was impossible, owing to the thinness of the walls and—other things.

"Sir," boomed Mr. Frampton, "unhesitatingly, I call you a scoundrel, a blackguard, a—a"

The unknown replied angrily, "I deny that. Emphatically I deny that. You are old-fashioned, narrow. In these days, Mr. Frampton, a woman has the right to choose her own way of living. Natalie has had the courage to live up to her ideas."

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Frampton, and Mr. Beeman quivered at the wrath in his tones. His next remark Mr. Beeman did not quite catch. But he heard the young man reply furiously, "I tell you that Natalie will stay with me in defiance of you!"

They were both shouting now. Mr. Beeman caught a few words—"Dishonour," shame," "grey hairs to the grave in sorrow."

Then there was a little lull, when the sound of Natalie's despairing sobs came through the wall.

Those heartbroken sobs wrung Mr. Beeman's heart. He hated to hear a woman cry, more especially a beautiful woman, and most especially Natalie!

Mr. Beeman could not catch every word, on account of the intervening wall, but he had heard enough to convince him that this adorable young creature had flung herself away upon a man who, as Mr. Beeman put it to himself, "would not do the honourable thing."

What she needed, of course, was some strong, great-hearted, gallant man to rescue her.

Suddenly Mr. Beeman's pulses began to race. If his name were associated with any scandal of course, it would affect the publication of the monograph on scarabs. But Mr. Beeman squared his thin, scholarly shoulders, and looked the situation straight in the face. He would have to risk that.

His mind was made up. He caught sight of himself in the mirror that hung on the wall, and stared at the reflection of a small lean man, with a wistful face and a moustache that no trimming could smarten, and rather weary, short-sighted eyes. But that wasn't how he felt—inside. He felt brave and bold and adventurous! True, it was a pity about the monograph—but—but Natalie needed a man's protection, the gallantry, the chivalry of a real red-blooded, two-fisted he-man, and he was it!

He rapped persistently at his neighbour's door until at last it was opened. Mr. Frampton looked dazedly at Mr. Beeman, and stammered, "Y—you'd better n—not come in if you d—don't mind. M—my daughter—"

"I know," said Mr. Beeman, wringing Mr. Frampton's hand to show his sympathy, "I couldn't help hearing. That's why I'm here."

Mr. Frampton's face paled. "You've heard?" he exclaimed, with distress.

"You can trust me," said Mr. Beeman, "If I fail to be of er—er assistance to you, I shall regard my knowledge of your daughter's affairs as a sacred confidence. Nobody will even hear one word of it from me."

"Dashed good of you, Beeman," said Mr. Frampton, "I thought that you would agree with me, as any sensible man must, and I'll be most grateful for your support,

I assure you. I can't do a thing with Natalie. She's love-struck. Mad about this scoundrel. Won't listen to reason."

"Perhaps she will listen to me," said Mr Beeman. hopefully "when she hears what I have to say."

"I hope and trust for the poor deluded girl's own sake that she will," responded Mr. Frampton, flinging his arm around his friend's shoulders and leaning on him heavily. "I'm knocked out, old man. Absolutely knocked out. The shock, the bitter disappointment, and the—the shame of it—"

"Pull yourself together," urged Mr. Beeman, "I'll make her realise that she has made a ghastly mistake but that she can retrieve herself. I'll show her the way."

Together they entered the little sitting-room overlooking the river, and beheld that which seemed so unsuited to anything save respectable domesticity, a very angry young man and a weeping girl.

Everything that was gallant in Mr. Beeman rose within him as he saw Natalie in tears. And he was touched afresh when he observed that at the sight of him, her cheek was dyed with the deep blush of shame.

He went and patted her on the shoulder, too moved for the moment to speak. Mr. Frampton has resumed his raging argument with John and his voice now had the sonorous tones and the booming sound of a prophet who sees his gloomiest predictions come to pass.

"I warned my daughter," he cried, "I saw at once the kind of man you were, I said to her, 'He will wreck your young life almost before it has begun. He will plunge you into reckless folly and wrong-doing from which there is no return!'"

Squaring his narrow, scholarly shoulders, Mr. Beeman looked boldly, challengingly at John.

"Sir," he said, his voice quavering a little in spite of himself, "I am not prepared to see a young and precious life devastated. Since you have lured this unhappy girl from her father's care, and tried to wreck her future by your—your conscienceless, heartless treatment of her, I yes, sir, I—will protect her."

John's eyes opened wide. He gasped audibly. Even Natalie had stopped sobbing to listen. And Mr. Frampton was hanging breathlessly on his friend's words. It was Mr. Beeman's supreme moment and he paused for quite some time before he spoke again.

"I will marry her myself," he said.

The next second all was confusion. Natalie, in a queer little choked voice, was thanking him. John was biting his lips—"thoroughly ashamed" flashed through the mind of Mr. Beeman—but all coherent thought was driven out of his mind by the curious actions of his friend, who was shaking his fist at him and dancing with rage.

"You don't understand," shouted Mr. Frampton, "nothing can save her now. It's too late!"

"It is not too late," contradicted Mr. Beeman, patiently.

Their eyes met and all the spirit seemed suddenly to go out of Mr. Frampton. He bowed his head, and with a gesture infinitely dramatic, commanded silence.

"I repeat that it is too late," he said, "We are disgraced. Natalie Frampton, daughter of the greatest living exponent of Free Love, was married at eleven o'clock this morning.

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

"*Musical Chairs.*" By Ronald Mackenzie. Criterion.

"*The Miracle.*" Drury Lane.

I AM given to understand that "*Musical Chairs*" is a first play by a very young man; and if that is the case, I suppose I ought to call it "promising," and append a patronizing prophecy that its author will, in the future, give us something really good. If I hesitate to take this easy line, it is because the play has qualities which I associate rather with accomplishment than with more promise.

Most good first plays have little to commend them save a hint that their authors have a natural gift for conventional play-writing. Where, almost invariably, they are deficient, is in characterisation.

Their "persons of the play" are usually either imitations of conventional stage-characters, or mere names attached to dialogue. The next, and as a rule the final achievement of the playwright is the photograph. Instead of imitating art, he copies nature, but only to the point of reproducing in dramatic form the more obvious physical and intellectual idiosyncrasies of his acquaintances. Now this is undoubtedly a great stride forward, and probably as far as it is necessary to go in the case of witty dialogues and thrilling dramas. But these are the *trivia* of the theatre. It is when the playwright tries to rise to the intellectual level of the better class of novelist that the greater step is necessary, with the fruits of understanding substituted for mere accuracy of observation. And alas, this step is infinitely harder for the playwright, who has no immediate contact with his audience. To write a "good" play is comparatively easy, if you happen to have the necessary gift. To write a "great" play is so difficult—and so obviously, by reason of the very nature of the drama, difficult—that, apart from Shaw (who makes his own rules), scarcely any first-class authors are even attempting it.

The description attached to "*Heartbreak House*"—"A Fantasia in the Russian manner"—is much more apposite to "*Musical Chairs*" than to Mr. Shaw's play. Indeed, the resemblance to "*The Cherry Orchard*" is obviously not accidental, but due to a deliberate imitation of the Russian manner.

This similarity is emphasized by the locale of the play, which is Poland. Here Mr. Wilhelm Schindler (who, despite his name, I gathered was an Englishman) has an oil-well and there are in the course of the play some moments of comparatively unconvincing drama in connection with it. In the case of an ordinary first play, this drama of the oil-well—of the American big-business representative who tries to swindle it away from Mr. Schindler; of the latter's obstinate refusal to be swindled; and of the eventual triumph of British honesty over Yankee cunning—would undoubtedly have been, not merely the most entertaining, but the most competently handled, feature of the play. What interests the audience at the Criterion, is the author's revelation of the laziness and obstinacy of Wilhelm; the unattractiveness of his step-son Geoffrey's conscientiousness; the folly of Mrs. Schindler, who refuses to be blind to her hus-

band's trivial philandering with Anna, the Polish servant-girl; and above all, Joseph, Wilhelm's son and odd-man-out in this game of Musical Chairs, for whom a war-time tragedy of devastating irony has made the world seem "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable," and a place (to quote his other phrase) where "stupidity, insensitiveness, vulgarity of soul—these are the greatest gifts the gods has to offer!" The play is splendidly produced by Komisarjevsky, and very intelligently acted by (among others) Mr. Vosper, Mr. Gielgud and Miss Dorice Fordred.

Considered as a composite whole, "The Miracle" is not, æsthetically, an altogether satisfactory piece of work. It begins with a long and slow (and incidentally a very impressive and magnificently staged) scene in the Cathedral, at the end of which the Nun forsakes religion and goes forth into the world. This scene is in the nature of a prologue to the following five scenes, in which we see what happens to her in the world. It is these five scenes which are unsatisfactory. For one thing, the adventures of the Nun are so extravagant as to be symbolically unconvincing, and therefore lacking in that moral significance which is, presumably their purpose. What we see is not the World, but fairyland. Then again, each scene appears to follow immediately upon the last. No sooner is she with her Knight, than the Robber Count has carried her off to his Castle; no sooner is she feasting in the Castle, than the Prince has carried her off to his bedroom; no sooner is she in the bedroom, than the King has rescued her. And so to the Coronation, thence to the Inquisition, and at last, chastened and penitent, back to the Cathedral.

"Seven years have elapsed," a note in the programme tells us, since the Prologue. Without this note, I should have guessed ten months. Moreover, instead of focussing our interest upon the Nun, the episodes, each with its new setting and new characters, divert our attention from the central figure to the decorative persons round her. For this it might be argued that Herr Reinhardt is to blame; that he has hidden the Nun behind his production. To which Herr Reinhardt might cynically retort that, had he not done so, Drury Lane would be empty. He has a better retort than that, however; for—so at least it seemed to me—the author of "The Miracle" has failed to provide the necessary opportunities with which to show the spiritual, as distinct from the material, adventures of the Nun. She is simply a helpless, passive victim of kings, princes, robber counts, *etcetera*, and the pace is too hot, and the adventures too magnificent, for her to feel (or at any rate to "register" her feelings of) repentance or regret.

However, as a spectacle or pageant, this production of "The Miracle" is magnificent. I have only space to single out, as the most remarkable of many memorable scenes, the grouping of the motley crowd in the Cathedral, where one knows that every movement, every gesture even, has been calculated and rehearsed like drill, yet the scene has all the apparent casualness of spontaneity; and the stiff deliberate formality of the procession down the steps in the Coronation scene—though in this case Mr. Messel's brilliant costumes are entitled to the largest share of the credit.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Il Est Charmant. Directed by Louis Mercanton. The Rialto.

Reputation. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The Regal.

A Woman Commands. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The Marble Arch Pavilion.

"IL EST CHARMANT," which has at last replaced "A Nous la Liberté" at the Rialto, is a fairly joyous picture that observes all the traditional aspects of musical comedy. The French arm of the Paramount company is responsible for it and, as the cast is French, the acting is good, but there is too much music. M. Clair having shown that music is international, the late Mr. Mercanton seems to have run away with the idea that so long as someone sings something it is bound to be understood by everybody. It is one thing to make a picture with music and quite another to make one like "Il Est Charmant"; here any excuse is good enough for a song and people, whose French is not too certain, will find a lot of difficulty in understanding what the song is all about. The tunes are catchy and Henry Garat has a nice voice, as well as acting ability, but long before the end I wished that he had had less opportunity to show the former and more to show the latter.

It is a change to find Constance Bennett playing a woman who has no past; those who don't like changes need not be alarmed for she speedily acquires one. "Reputation," the new picture at the Regal, is a story of a young woman who has no success with the man because she is a nice young thing; what the men like is Ann Duryea, played by Myrna Kennedy, who is supposed to have murdered her husband. Paris and Ben Lyon, nevertheless, soon put an end to Constance Bennett's existence as a wall-flower, and, after a Count has shot himself and an Argentine has broken into Spanish, she returns in triumph to New York where she brings her man to heel.

Apart from Ben Lyon, the best things in the film are Constance Bennett's dresses; there are seventeen of them and six wraps so, as the films endeavour to set the fashions, there should be a golden opportunity here for women to catch up with one another. Rather unfortunately the picture in harness with "Reputation" is "Nine Till Six." Women's clothes are the only things which matter here, but those at Anne Marie Ltd., look like sackcloth to me when they are compared to Constance Bennett's.

Pola Negri is to be seen in her first talking picture, "A Woman Commands," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Here we are once again in Ruritania, but the tragedy of Pola Negri and the comedy of Rowland Young, who plays the king, do not make too good a mixture. It is no use having one's tongue in one's cheek half the time and having it in the proper place for the remainder. Most people are inclined to take Ruritania very lightly and in consequence the film may seem dull when Rowland Young is not on the screen, but it is Pola Negri who gives the performance.

WHAT WE THOUGHT:

25 years ago. May 11th, 1907.

Several visits have confirmed a first impression that Mr. Clausen's "Building the Rick" is the most interesting picture in the galleries. There is of course, Mr. Sargent's "Lady Sassoon," admittedly one of his finest portraits. The "slick" texture of the paint, and the want of quality in the rose-colour setting off the black dress, prevent me from enjoying as much as I should like the vividness and power of a portrait to which the charm of the sitter contributes much. Mr. Sargent is a master, in a sense which no other painter at the Academy can claim. But in his mastery there is a certain element that seems like contempt. Mr. Clausen's picture, on the other hand, interests and engages because it is one of the very few works here in which the artist seems really to have lost and merged himself into his subject; it is all felt, not done from outside. He has set himself a task of extraordinary difficulty, painting the rick and the labourers building it partly in the noonday blaze of August, partly in the luminous shadow of horse-chestnut trees, and rejecting the old device of a shaded foreground, he has filled the nearest part of the picture with brilliant light which strikes reflections upon the golden rick and the green stems of the trees, and quivers among the violet shadows. He has wished to give the hot glow of light and at the same time to keep the significant silhouette of the men at work; possibly attempting too much; but we feel that the glory of the sunshine and the beauty of its reflections have been deeply felt, that the painter's joy in this has been much more to him than the solving of a problem, and the human interest is absolutely genuine and unforced. Such a picture makes one all the more conscious of the lamentable poverty in anything like thought or emotion of the rest of the exhibition.

50 years ago. May 13th, 1882.

Lord Frederick Cavendish—though his appointment had been, in the circumstances, received with surprise—had the respect and the friendship of every politician on either side who knew him. Mr. Burke, if possible, enjoyed even a higher reputation. It was known before by those who cared to inform themselves about the subjects on which they spoke and wrote that this head and incarnation of the Castle system was in every respect the opposite of what partisan ignorance supposed a Castle official to be. A Roman Catholic, a steady liberal, a partisan of the tenants as far as he was a partisan at all, Mr. Burke was probably one of the best friends that the Irish people had on the face of the

earth, and his only crime was that he was the able head of the Executive forces of law and order in Ireland. Lord Frederick Cavendish was avowedly a messenger of conciliation and peace, and no difference of opinion as to the message he was charged with could disguise the fact.

He had undertaken a most difficult and unthankful task out of loyalty to his country and his party, and he carried with him the respect even of those who were convinced that his mission must fail disastrously. He and his companion were types of the two classes of men who have carried on the government of England, on the whole, better than any other government is carried on by any other class in the world; the official without bureaucratic exclusiveness and bureaucratic corruption, and the statesman whose station and traditions raise him above the temptations of the professional politician. No political responsibility rested on Mr. Burke; the political responsibility which rested on Lord Frederick Cavendish was that of the bearer of a flag of truce. The villainous sophistry which affects to apply the terms and principles of open and legitimate war to the machinations of secret conspiracy is here hopelessly at fault; and it is hardly possible to conceive a crime in which the actors could be more heavily burdened with guilt, the sufferers more absolutely deserving of sympathy.

75 years ago. May 16th, 1857.

Mr. Millais—to take the artist whose pictures, for reasons which probably would little satisfy him, draw the largest crowd in the Exhibition has, if he knew it, most reason to complain of his critic. If this great artist ever fails entirely—a contingency which is quite possible—we shall unhesitatingly charge his ruin upon his eulogists. Mr. Ruskin, and the silly people who ape his fiery fanaticism with their own dull cant, will have something to answer for in hardening this great painter's originality into affectation, his sense of power into frigid conceit, and his boldness into insolence. We are not quite sure that he has not already attained these unenviable qualities. But the critic who taught us that "Peace Concluded" was already "among the world's best masterpieces" must bear the blame if Mr. Millais waxes fat and kicks. A wonderful colourist he is, and perhaps ever must be; but there is a tendency in the exclusive devotion to colour to sacrifice the purer and severer qualities of art. Colour is sensuous; and we think we perceive a lowering of the moral tone of Millais's pictures.

CORRESPONDENCE

YORKSHIRE CHARACTER

SIR,—Your reviewer is in error. Nowhere in my book "Great Yorkshiremen" do I suggest that the dominant Yorkshire characteristics are "courage, honesty, and an unswerving attachment to the betterment of humanity"

or anything so idiotic. Nor do I suggest that the book is "intended for serious study." I may be a fool but I am not a damned fool. I do not expect a reviewer to read the nonsense I write, but he might have the decency to refrain from inventing worse nonsense and foisting it on me. I have no objection to his opinions, good or bad, but I object to his inventions. It is hard enough to live down my own idiocies.

G. C. HESLITINE.

THE GENIUS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

SIR,—“A.A.” (*The Saturday Review*, 9 April, 1932) contends that Charlotte Brontë (of all people!) was no genius. To prove this, he (or she) crudely summarises the plot of *Jane Eyre*. Is “A.A.” the first (or the last?) to discover that the plot of *Jane Eyre* is its weakest part?

Not a word is said of the many wonderful passages—e.g., Jane’s conversation with Rochester—in that book. There is no mention of *Shirley*; there is no mention of *Villette*. These last two omissions are truly discreet. For obviously, if you are out to prove that Charlotte Brontë had no genius, it would be the height of folly to mention the former work, and simply suicidal to breathe the name of the latter. Your only safe course is to dwell exclusively on the weakest element of the least admirable of the three above-named novels.

I am sorry to write flippantly of any *Saturday Review* critic, but can anybody who has read the works of Charlotte Brontë be expected to take such a verdict seriously?

V. CAMERON TURNBULL.

THE CURSE OF IRELAND

SIR,—The letter of “Christian” is rather pathetic in its hate of the “Catholic Church.”

That any sane person could write such nonsense is beyond belief, and goes to prove to what length gross ignorance can lead one.

The present position in Ireland is “political, and not Religion.” In any case it is Ireland’s affair, and apparently the will of the people. Whether rightly or wrongly they will have to decide, and although my personal opinion as an Englishman is that Ireland should remain an integral part of the Empire, that is no reason why I should be antagonistic to the apparent desires of her people.

If the Religion of Ireland happened to be Buddhism, would “Christian” blame that religion for the present trouble.

Osterley, Middlesex.

VICTOR WALLACE.

THE BANKERS’ RAMP

SIR,—One of the paragraphs in your “Notes of the Week” in the issue of April 30th brings up the old gibe that banks lend money at a minimum rate of 5 per cent. no matter how low the bank rate may fall. As a bank clerk I have frequently had this charge thrown up at me and would like to give you the answer I have always given to my friends.

As everyone knows banks make their profits out of the difference between their borrowing and lending rates. From this difference they meet their running expenses, provide for bad debts and make their much maligned profits. If for any reason a bank is unable to attract and retain its deposits it cannot lend, and nowadays the old ladies who will lend their money at “nothing per cent.” are few and far between. Competition between the banks and the attractive rates advertised by Building Societies have taught the public that even the smallest deposit is worth some interest. In consequence the banks, to retain their deposits, have to maintain a minimum rate of 2½ per

cent., or in extreme cases 2 per cent. for deposit accounts. The only way in which banks could charge a lower rate than 5 per cent. would be to allow a lower rate on deposits, to allow, say, ½ per cent. when they charge 3½ per cent. How much money would be left on deposit at ½ per cent. when every Building Society advertises 3½, 4 and 5 per cent.?

An examination of the banks’ balance sheet figures when considering their profits is illuminating and I give below the total figures from the 1931 balance sheets of all the London Joint Stock Clearing Banks, that is the “Big Five,” together with Martins Bank and Williams Deacons Bank. My figures are taken from the summary published in the April issue of the *Journal of the Institute of Bankers*.

London Joint Stock Clearing Banks.

Deposits	1,668,848,000
Bills Discounted and Loans	1,091,398,000
Total sum of money on which interest is allowed and charged	2,760,246,000
Net Profit for the year	10,106,000

From these figures it is clear that the banks cannot afford to allow one-half per cent. better rates, for if they were to charge one-half per cent. less and allow one-half per cent. more it would cost them 13,801,000 and would turn their net profit into a net loss of three and a half millions.

For this narrow margin of profit the banks provide a service that is unequalled in any part of the world. The safety of British banks is almost proverbial and was admirably illustrated in the crisis of last autumn.

If members of the public would think for one moment of the immeasurable harm to business that would result from the failure or even the threatened failure of but one of these seven Clearing Banks they would, I am convinced, be astonished at the small margin of the profit rather than dismayed at its size.

W. C. EYRE HARTLEY.

THE HUMANE KILLER

SIR,—The remarks of your reviewer on the subject of Poleaxe v. Pistol is hardly fair to the poleaxe. The poleaxe depends for its motive force on a human being, which in my experience very seldom fails, but the pistol depends on a cartridge releasing a spring and forcing the thimble through the barrel sufficiently far to penetrate the skull of the animal. This thimble can be prevented from being effective by a small obstruction such as blood or dirt; the animal’s skull is punctured, but it does not drop insensible, and quite a considerable time must elapse before the pistol can be cleaned and re-loaded, whereas with the poleaxe a fresh blow could be aimed in less time than it takes to write this sentence.

Advocates of the pistol always omit to mention that whatever instrument is used for stunning the animal, a knife must be used to finish the killing: no “humane” killer will kill a animal, it will only render it insensible previous to being killed.

I would also like to ask for proof that animals are terrified by the smell of blood. My experience over a number of years is that they are quite indifferent.

Yours faithfully,

H. R.

Abattoir, Meat and Cattle Market,
Stanley, Liverpool.

AMERICAN DEBTS

SIR,—I think the time has come to point out clearly the source of the Gordian Knot which involves the question of debt between this country and America. Mr. Ashley raises the point of cancellation exactly as it was raised by my brother-in-law, the late Bourke Cochran, who as a Democrat Representative at Washington insisted that America's money would fight America's battles. Though he was asked by President Wilson to tour the country with his powerful voice, he found that his proposal that America should cancel the debts was strongly opposed both in the Treasury and in Wall Street, where the friends of the Allies were supposed to be strongest. The only explanation that could ever be elicited was remarkable. It was that England had advanced her Allies Loans instead of the time-honoured Subsidies. It was true that these Loans were the equivalent of Subsidies, but the over-clever advisers of the British Treasury thought that the Allies would be less extravagant if they were labelled Loans. When America came into the War, she followed the English precedent of making Loans and not Subsidies. That was the reason given at her Treasury.

So the pith is that England called her Subsidies Loans and has now got to persuade America to call her Loans Subsidies.

SHANE LESLIE.

IS CHRISTIANITY HARMFUL?

SIR,—Your correspondent A.L. in the letter, 30/4/32, "Is Christianity Harmful?" definitely imputes "that Christ did not desire to be crucified." I am compelled to refer to your correspondent to the words of Christ Himself which definitely shew that the very opposite was His desire.

In particular note. St. John XII, 23-33: XVIII, 32, also St. Matthew XVI, 21-25, St. Mark VIII, 31, St. Luke IX, 22. XXII, 42. These passages clearly indicate the governing purpose of Christ.

S. R. F.

THE DIPPER

SIR,—With regard to Mr. A. G. Bradley's statement that "the dipper will not look at even the chalk streams of Wilts or Hants," the facts are these: the dipper first nested in Wiltshire at Castle Combe in 1897, since when it has been extending its range southwards from the north-western corner of the county, a process which has been accelerated considerably during the past ten years. Since 1929 sixteen breeding localities have come to my notice in the western half of the county, and in some districts a density of population has been attained which is not far short of the "half a dozen pairs to a mile of water" which Mr. Bradley mentions as characteristic of the mountain streams of the west and north; thus in 1931 six pairs nested along a stretch of stream two miles long.

We in Wiltshire who are so justly proud of our chalk-streams and the beautiful valleys they have formed, rejoice to be able to refute the suggestion that the dipper regards them with contempt, and to establish that such a discriminating little person, as he undoubtedly is, has found in them a worthy setting for his charming presence.

M. W. WILLSON.

REVIEWS

Marlborough. By The Hon. Sir John Fortescue, LL.D., D.Litt. Davies. 5s.

AFTER reading this compact and skilfully written book, few could resist being infected by its author's enthusiasm for the figures he portrays.

It is a picture of a truly remarkable man and his nearly incredible achievements. And, sitting as one does in days when telephones, telegraphs, railways and aeroplanes are, as it were, on tap one may, perhaps, realise even more clearly than his contemporaries what tremendous obstacles he must have overcome.

He was a man of imagination, courage, energy and great personal attraction. His imagination revolutionised the accepted style of warfare. His courage and personal attraction made him at once the idol of his soldiers and an irresistible figure in diplomacy. His energy allowed him to go through the most arduous campaigns and then to enter on the most complicated attempts to encourage and lead his vacillating and stupid allies, apart from dealing with a gang of middle-headed and hostile politicians at home, when a lesser man would have been enjoying a well-deserved rest.

Although Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces he was according to custom, accompanied by two Dutch envoys who had the power, which they nearly always used, of cancelling his orders as far as the Dutch troops themselves were concerned, if they considered that their countrymen would be placed in any particular danger. That in itself was hardly encouraging, but it is only one example of the manner in which he was shackled. His great personal courage always dictated that he should be with his men in the thick of the battle.

At Ramillies, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Bingfield, was decapitated by a cannon-shot, whilst holding the stirrup for him to mount.

Once he was cut off and left in isolation with his trumpeter. Then, as the author rather humourously continues:

"A Bavarian officer galloped at him to cut him down aiming so a furious a blow that he overbalanced himself, fell from his horse, and was captured by the trumpeter."

His personal care for and sympathy with all ranks secured their ungrudging support for anything he asked of them. Even on his campaign, when he knew that he was surrounded by spies and enemies, and therefore disclosed only at the very last moment his true plans, did any of the troops question his orders, although those orders which he had given for the express and successful purpose of deceiving the opposing forces, not only foreshadowed their own destruction but suggested that the great Commander had lost his reason.

For the benefit of the reader, I think, although there is an index, Chapter headings would be an improvement. But that is a trivial point.

This book is heartily recommended to anyone who wants an hour's pleasant reading about a great man.

GEORGE PALMER.

MYSTICISM AND SCIENCE

Philosophical Aspects of Modern Science. By C. E. M. Joad. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE conceptions of the universe sponsored by modern science are changing with some rapidity, and are extremely remote from the world of common-sense—the later one more remote than earlier. It is natural that the plain man should feel rather lost. The scientists have taken away his world and he knows not where they have laid it. The relations between the worlds of science and of common-sense seem in as big a muddle as the relations between China and Japan.

But what interests the ordinary man even more than the fate of his common-sense world, which the physicists have caused to disappear with a wave of their wand, is the fate of what he calls his "values,"—i.e., the deliverances of the moral, æsthetic, and religious consciousnesses. Are these so much moonshine? If the world of tables and chairs has been dissolved, can the "spiritual" world remain stable?

Those who are asking themselves this latter question will find Mr. Joad's new book of surpassing interest. His views are of a very positive character. He records a change of intellectual climate, and voices a reaction against the claim of physical, or even biological, science to be the sole legitimate avenue for the exploration of reality. He takes the view that science and religion are each of them legitimate avenues of exploration, and the latter is complementary to the former. "I myself believe that the world of which we are aware in æsthetic and religious experience is objective, and that in knowing it we discover and do not create what we know." Mr. Joad bases this belief upon a particular theory of the nature of reality. He holds that the universe contains at least three different orders or realms of being. There are the material constituents of which the physical world is composed; there are minds which are aware of them; and "there is a third order or realm which contains objects which are neither mental nor material, which I have designated by the word 'subsistent.' These objects are changeless, and also, I should say, independent of them. In this realm I should be disposed to place those objects of value of which we are aware in religious, ethical and æsthetic experience." The faculty with which the average human being is endowed for the perception of the realm of value, is at present extremely rudimentary—no more than a fleeting and uncertain experience, "like thinking in a fog." But it is the mystic who, so far as such a thing is possible for a human, gets the vision of the world of value as it is in itself.

This very suggestive and well-reasoned book of Mr. Joad's is very stimulating. The value he attaches to religion is the more interesting in view of his hostility to orthodox Christianity, which, however, he does not display in the present volume.

There is authority behind Mr. Joad's words which carries a good deal of weight so that the impression created by this book on the reader is not so much an explanation that will fit the facts, but one which the facts themselves point towards as a logical deduction.

J. C. HARDWICK.



Good News
in
Bad Times!

AGAIN

THE STANDARD LIFE

has declared the
Annual Compound Bonus
of

42/- 0/0

"This is a fine achievement." — *The Economist.*

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

Write for copy of leaflet "A.E.13" to

The STANDARD LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON
48 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4
15 & 16 PALL MALL S.W.

ESTABLISHED
1825

DUBLIN
59 DAWSON STREET

HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET
EDINBURGH

MY AFFAIRS

A new booklet which
enables the man in the
street to leave a clear
record of his Affairs.

YOUR affairs—are they so simple and well-known that if you were taken suddenly, they could be settled up at once without difficulty? Or would there be searchings and worry and trouble and delay and expense and then perhaps something of value left out? Why not make the way easy for those you leave behind? It can be done for half-a-crown and a very little expenditure of time. Ask your Bookseller for one of these books at once, or write direct to the Publishers enclosing Postal Order for 2s. 8d.

THE SOLICITORS' LAW
STATIONERY SOCIETY,
Limited.

LONDON:

22, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

LIVERPOOL: And Branches
19 & 21, North John Street.

GLASGOW:
66, St. Vincent Street.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

The Devil in Legend and Literature. By Maximilian Rudwin. Open Court Publishing Co. 15s.

NO item of information in this book is more startling than the writer's identification of Santa Claus with Old Nick. Yet it is probable enough that the Devil does owe his popular English sobriquet to the distributor of Christmas presents. Though the bountiful bishop fills good children's stockings with good things, he is known to put birches into the shoes of naughty boys and girls. Evil-doers, then, may easily have confounded him with the fiend whose business is punishment of their kind.

Confusion is, indeed, the state in which the Devil always lives. As Mr. Rudwin shows, he is all things to all men. In the mediæval stories, he was once butt and villain, fool and knave, while to the nineteenth century Romantics he was hero of the cosmic tragedy. From birth onwards, he had a multiple personality. Satan in Egypt was Set, but he was also Horns with whom Set fought the first pitched battle in prehistory. That he was the serpent in Eden, and the dragon wherever the dragon wandered, is acknowledged. But even Mr. Rudwin, who has written six books about him, has missed the fact that he was St. George as well, and may have been the charger of that gallant knight. Let anyone who doubt these statements look at the *bas-relief* in the Louvre where our patron has the hawk's head of Horns, and go to the Berkshire town where, significantly near Wieland Smith's Forge, sprawls the white horse, which, as all reasonable men recognise, was foaled in one stable with the dragons that drew Faust's chariot through the air.

Seeing the complications of the subject, it is too much to hope that any study of Diabolus will be both lucid and complete. Mr. Rudwin has to admit that he is dealing with "a quick change artist of first rate ability." Still, in one respect, the Devil displays a certain constancy. In every tale of compacts made with him, he behaves as a gentleman. While the mortal party to the bargain invariably tries to break the bond, there are no instances on record of the Adversary attempting to default. Here, however, the evidence, being literary, may be prejudiced. Satan, as he confided to the mystic Boehme, was hurled from heaven for wishing to be an author. Those who have shared the same fatal ambition are, therefore, apt to treat him with the kindness which comes of fellow-feeling and is often undeserved.

D. WILLOUGHBY.

A SURVEY OF ART

The Lure of the Fine Arts. By Frederick Colin Tilney. With a Foreword by Sir George Clausen. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

MR. TILNEY defines the purpose of this book as "an attempt" to make general principles patent to the lay mind in the hope that those who aspire to the untroubled convictions of a personal opinion may attain them by way of a sympathetic understanding of artistic endeavour, and as a guide to the arts of painting and sculpture through the ages Mr. Tilney will prove a use-

ful if not an impeccable guide, until he comes to the Impressionists, when, as Sir George Clausen puts it, he betrays "a blind spot." The plain man then who aspires to the untroubled convictions of a personal opinion will do well to keep his wits about him in the modern period for here Mr. Tilney really has nothing to say and unfortunately insists upon saying it.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Tilney addresses himself exclusively or even mainly to the ignoramus. On the contrary all who derive delight from the masterpieces of art will have their delight quickened and refreshed by his descriptions and analyses of the works that give him pleasure. He is at his best when he appreciates, as a fault finder he is arbitrary and irritating. But outside the moderns what he admires is admirable and his praise is judicious and justified by knowledge. His method has much to commend it, and if there is a little overlapping it is to be excused, for reference and counter-reference are always to the point; and the information given, and it is considerable, is most agreeably conveyed.

As for the plain man who aspires, etc., he will find plenty here to settle and solidify his opinion, and to enable him to express it in terms that will not disconcert the connoisseur. If the book has the circulation it really deserves, people who like what they like beyond or without reason will become perceptibly fewer, and the great natural collections will have more visitors on fine days.

The book is fully and beautifully illustrated.

A COUNTY GUIDE

Highways and Byways in Gloucestershire. Edward Hutton. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

ANOTHER Highways and Byways book with Hugh Thomson's delicate and familiar illustrations is an event which should undoubtedly be widely welcomed. There are not very many counties left, but Shropshire and Cheshire still make a great gap in the series. This new addition to the already famous series is splendid value: 450 pages and a map, but Mr. Hutton's antiquarian and mediæval tastes predominate. There is too much about fonts and church windows and monastic dates. The book often resembles a Church inventory, though we sympathise with the writer's occasional lyric cry as of Gloucester Cathedral: "It is but the end of a mighty ancestry, a great epoch with its roots in the Dark Age, on whose grave it stands, over which it towers up like a flower on a sepulchre." We learn how Tewkesbury Abbey was saved, about the Forest of Dean, the Severn Bore, the Bristol Riots, the Holy Blood of Hales (whence the proverb: as sure as God's in Gloucestershire), the end of the Pastons of letter fame, Catherine Parr's coffin, Berkeley Castle and all the memories and wonders of this ancient and unspoilt County. But it is too ecclesiastical and although we hear something about famous trees like Augustine's Ash and the Newland Oak, we would like to know more about the birds and folklore and modern county families and cricket with some folk songs instead of Latin epitaphs.

The illustrations of Mr. Thomson are exquisitely done and add considerably to the charm of a book which should prove very popular.

A MISERABLE LIFE

And No Birds Sing. The Autobiography of Pauline Leader. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

AS a record of extreme mental suffering, the story of Pauline Leader's life may be of value. As a piece of literature, it is definitely not.

Her suffering was great. She was born of Jewish parents in America. As a small girl, she went to a school where she spoke and wrote English. She became awkwardly conscious of the fact that her parentage was one of which she would not be able to speak with any pride. The repression of her spirits, exercised by her mother and father, made life a torment to her. She was an imaginative and ambitious child; and her parents (and sisters) had neither imagination nor ambition. In consequence, she had no sympathy, so that her heart was hardened, and she became obstinate, sulky and excessively introspective. While at school, she became totally deaf. Then her misery became so great that she ran away to New York. Here her sufferings did not end.

Although she speaks of her poetry, it must be confessed that there is no evidence of literary practice in these pages. The ill-construction of the book is a very formidable handicap, which conceals any good purpose the writing of it may have had. An egotistical writer is never a lovely thing, however interesting he may otherwise be. The egotism of this unknown girl is not attractive: it takes the form of abundant self-pity, which is not suitable for publication. Moreover she suffers from an inferiority complex—which is not the result of deafness—which makes her outlook upon the world seem more defiant and relentless than perhaps it really is.

It is the poverty of her literary style which makes the whole story so constantly depressing. One is never allowed to recover from the abruptness of some repulsive shock, before one is thrown into another orgy of suffering, or cast without warning into the mire of sexual discussions. In this last respect, the book seems to suffer from the influence of the worst side of the modern school of writing. There is too much mud in it to give the reader a firm hold on dry land. So it is pitiful, without being really convincing.

Dorothy Wordsworth. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

A BOOK difficult to write of without superlative blame or exaggerated contempt. Dorothy Wordsworth presents a biographer with an acutely difficult task. Her life was not so full of strong incident that good old-fashioned incidental biography can be made of it. It demands psychoanalytical keenness, precise power of selection, and a deep capacity for entering into experience. Miss Maclean has not this equipment. Her book is a minute chronicle of unimportant events in Dorothy's life mixed up with a hash, partly imaginative, based partly on Dorothy's journals, of Dorothy's "thoughts." The result is sometimes too painful in its vulgarity, its cheapening of real values, its sixpenny-novelette-for-girls style. The glow, the radioactivity of Dorothy's early life undimmed through all the years, Miss Maclean contrives to dissipate and make dull. The emptiness of scholarship without sensibility was seldom better shown.

IT IS THE CHILDREN THAT MATTER THEY ARE THE COMING GENERATION

1,100 Boys and Girls, some motherless, some fatherless, some orphans, but all taken from poverty, are being fed, clothed and educated by

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP (Founded 1843)

The Society is gravely concerned because of the serious fall in subscriptions and donations

PLEASE HELP US TO
BALANCE OUR BUDGET

SEND YOUR GIFT NOW

PRESIDENT - H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Chairman and Treasurer . . . Francis H. Clayton, Esq.

All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by
The General Secretary, F. Brian Pelly, A.F.C.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Read . . .

G.K.'s WEEKLY

EDITED BY

G. K. CHESTERTON

*A Weekly Review of Politics,
Literature and the Arts*

Every Friday

Sixpence

G.K.'s WEEKLY stands for the tradition of the family against interference by modern Bureaucracy, Monopoly and Socialism—for the restoration of Liberty by the distribution of property.

THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

Order G.K.'s WEEKLY from your newsagent; or write to The Manager, G.K.'s WEEKLY, 2 Little Essex Street, London, W.C.2. Subscription Rates for one year, 28s.; for six months, 14s.; for three months, 7s.—post free.

NEW NOVELS

I'll Never Be Young Again. Daphne du Maurier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Home for the Holidays. R. H. Mottram. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Voices from the Dust. Jeffery Farnol. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Soldier and the Gentlewoman. Hilda Vaughan. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Daphne du Maurier has written a depressing study of youth. *I'll Never Be Young Again* is a sympathetic study of unsympathetic youth, who, in the shape of Dick, and in his contacts with other people, managed, at long last, to acquire a certain amount of personality himself. Dick was prevented from taking his life by Jake—a wonderful bit of portraiture—and was then supported by this friend through thick and thin, though he constantly let him down. He was then sustained by his mistress, who gave him all she had to give, and then in turn was let down by him. The repressions in his youth were ample excuse for him to turn from his father and mother, and the racing of the blood in his veins is the excuse given by Miss du Maurier for him to let down the rest of the world.

So he passed through life, and when at the end he takes up his business, which was the work for which destiny had intended him, he ceases to be actively intropective, and we know that he will never "be young again." And so Miss du Maurier has written of youth—but of a youth that is best done with and left behind, a youth that gropes weakly from experience to experience, never sure of itself, and seldom sure of others; in fact, an inglorious youth—but for all that, the book is amazingly vivid and the characters live from the moment of entry—the vacillating hero, his magnificent friend "Jake," and his mistress.

Things which are "different" imply some sort of superiority and because Mr. Mottram's new novel does differ from the general run of fiction, it merits also a label of superiority. The book could hardly be called a psychological study, it would be out of place if it were classed under the general heading of "analytical literature" yet it does retain a definite flavour of each without losing its individuality sufficiently to be pinned down to any category. Briefly it is a study of reactions, the consequences of inviting an intellectual young man into the family circle of ordinary pleasant people.

The story is of the slightest, that of a country rector's children home for the summer from university and college. The elder son invites a friend, the editor of a "high-brow" magazine, and the plot concerns his stay over the week-end. He is a disturbing young man, his code of morals and behaviour are antipathetic to that of his hosts. Between him and the rector's daughter, there is a vague attraction which has elements of danger, but an actress sister-in-law of Mr Welby's, the rector, appears conveniently on the scene to transfer the young

man's affection to herself and thus to avert the possibility of tragedy.

Mr. Mottram does not quite succeed in his characterisation of this young man. He is too nebulously drawn to come fully to life and he moves through the pages of the book wrapped up in unreality. But although we can never quite believe in him, we are made to realise and appreciate the reactions which his presence and conduct raise in the rest of the characters. These ordinary people are charming and Mr. Mottram etches their character against the background of a country vicarage with all the delicacy we have come to expect from his pen.

The whole book has a lovely calmness about it which opens out vistas of beauty; beauty of scene, and character, and inward thought; so much so, in fact, that we feel almost a personal relief in the eventual discomfiture of Mr. Mottram's rather impersonal young intellectual.

In the latest book from Mr. Farnol's pen, all the old magic of knights and ladies, of snorting horses and ring of steel, is paraded again for our delight. This is romance at its best, in which Mr. Farnol is the generally acknowledged master.

There are thirteen stories in this book, all connected with a central theme of love running through them in the form of re-birth through the ages. It is unusual, it is even a little unnecessary because each episode is good enough to stand by itself, unrelated by any tie to its predecessors or followers. In a way, too, the stories are topical because they are written round objects which we still know and revere; Westminster Abbey, the London Stone, St. Bartholmew's and other historic backgrounds. It is a book worth reading, but the best recommendation which I can give is that it is written by Mr. Jeffery Farnol.

The Soldier and the Gentlewoman, Miss Hilda Vaughan's new novel, has had the honour; or perhaps I should say, good fortune; to be chosen as the "book of the month" by the Book Society. It is presumably assured of a large sale, but whether it is deserving of so easy a step towards recognition, is a little hard to judge.

The soldier was weak and the gentlewoman was strong and there lies the story. It was a "marriage de convenance" and from the first a clash was bound to occur. Behind the struggle for mastery between these two differing temperaments, there stood the deep-rooted sense of duty to property and the responsibilities it brings in its train. The soldier who had inherited it wanted merely to enjoy his good fortune, the gentlewoman who had lived there all her life, as had her family before her, was concerned only with passing it on unembarrassed by debt to the succeeding heir. Neither were really to blame.

Miss Vaughan draws the two central characters faithfully and pitilessly and the needless tragedy of these two lives is followed to its inevitable conclusion. The book is a grim and vivid study of the inexorable duty to property and the emotional conflict which was a necessity between these two. The culmination is dramatic and unexpected, and though the whole novel is gripping in its realism, the unrelieved sombreness is inclined to drag a little.

Literary

A PROFITABLE PASTIME!

SPARE-TIME WRITING for the papers can be both pleasant and profitable. Send to-day for **FREE LESSON** and **BOOKLET**, with details of our unique Success Guarantee, to Dept S/7, London Editorial College, 12-13, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

JOURNALISM and SHORT-STORY WRITING TAUGHT BY POST. Equip yourself for earning money as a spare-time writer. Interesting book offered FREE, which tells how you may become a successful spare-time writer. Write to-day. METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, Dept. J4/8, ST. ALBANS.

LITERARY ACROSTICS (quotations) competition. Prize £5. Entry 2s. 6d.—K.L.A., 12a, Woodgrange Mansions, Kenton, Middlesex.

Miscellaneous

NEW WRITERS

THE TEMPLE BAR PUBLISHING CO., LTD., specialises in introducing the work of New Writers. Novels, Belles Lettres, Poetry, Plays and MSS. on special subjects, book length only, promptly considered. Generous terms for suitable work.—Address MSS, 30, St. Martin's Court, W.C.2.

THE COMING RACE. New Edition of "Ars Vivendi," with preface giving practice of Upward Breathing. Striking results for health, throat, and voice. 3d., 6d.—MR. ARTHUR LOVELL, Wigmore Hall, W.1.

MSS typewritten, 9d. per 1,000 words. Prompt and efficient service.—T. G. Davies, 20, Rectory Road, Canton, Cardiff.

ASPARAGUS direct from Grower. Sample 60 buds, 3/6; 120 buds 6/3; Seven weekly supplies, same, 24/- and 42/- respectively. Post paid. Only Heaviest reserved for Mail Orders.—Field's Gardens, Hampton, Evesham.

INSPECTOR OF TAXES EXAMINATION
SPECIAL PREPARATION CAN NOW BE OBTAINED
AT
DAVIES'S, 5, SUSSEX PLACE, HYDE PARK, W.2
Telephone: PADDINGTON 3352

Educational

BEDGEBURY PARK, GOUDHURST, KENT
SANDECOTES SCHOOL, PARKSTONE, DORSET
UPLANDS SCHOOL, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

To meet existing conditions, the Governing Body have adopted inclusive fees in these Schools. For particulars, apply to the Secretary, Church Education Corporation, 34, Denison House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL, WINCHESTER. Public School for Boys. Applications for Bursaries (values between £50-£90 per annum) for Michaelmas Term should be made immediately to the Headmaster.

ADVICE ABOUT SCHOOLS AT HOME or on the CONTINENT and TUTOR'S ESTABLISHMENTS, DOMESTIC ECONOMY SCHOOLS, &c., is given free of charge by Messrs. Gabbitts, Thring & Co., 36, Sackville Street, London W.1. Telephone: Regent 5878. Educational Agents. Established 1837. **NO CHARGES** **WHATEVER MADE TO PARENTS.**

Shipping

P. & O. & BRITISH INDIA

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES
(Under Contract with H.M. Government)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from

LONDON, Marseilles, etc., MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, SUDAN, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., etc. P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of P. & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping Companies

Addresses for all Passenger Business P. & O. House, 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or City Office, P. & O. 130 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3; FREIGHT (P. & O. or B.I.) APPLY, 122 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3; B.I. Agents: GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3

ACADEMY CINEMA

Oxford Street (Opposite Warings) Ger. 2981.

2nd WEEK

EXCLUSIVE RUN LEONTINE SAGAN'S

"MADCHEN IN UNIFORM"

A Psychological Study of Adolescence
and EPSTEIN'S "MORVRAN"

QUEEN'S THEATRE

(Gerrard 4517)

Every Evening at 8.15

Matinees—Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By BERNARD SHAW

EDITH EVANS CEDRIC HARDWICKE. LEON QUARTERMAINE

1932 Luxury—Economy

AT THE NEW

ECCLESTON HOTEL

VICTORIA, S.W.1

Room with Hot and Cold Water. 'Phone and Bath from 8/-
Room with Private Bath from 10/6. Beautiful Ballroom available.
Proprietor - Sir JAMES ERSKINE, J.P.

Express Typewriting Office

166, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1

(Vic. 3102)

Specialises in all classes of Literary Typewriting.

Terms, from 1s. per 1,000 words, carbon copy

4d. per 1,000 words.

Duplicating and Translations.

AN EFFECTIVE MARKET

The classified advertisement columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW offer an excellent medium for disposing of old Gold and Silver, works of art, rare books, stamps, and all articles of value.

Prepaid rate one shilling per line.

(minimum, three lines).

Communications and postal orders to be sent to Classified Advertisement Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Newspapers Ltd., 54, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

CITY

Lombard Street, Wednesday.

UNDER the influence of cheap money British Government Stocks have continued to forge ahead. This has been the one redeeming feature in otherwise dull markets for some time, and in many cases prices have during the week attained a level higher than at any time since the war. Old Consols, for instance, now stand upon a yield basis of less than 4 per cent. while the 4 per cent. Funding Loan yields but a fraction over 4 per cent. The demand comes from many quarters and is mainly due to the feeling of greater confidence both at home and abroad in our financial stability.

Economy a Vital Necessity.

From many points of view this confidence may not be misplaced. But the point cannot be too greatly stressed that if we are to retain our supremacy in world finance greater economy in Government Expenditure is a vital necessity. This year's revenue from income tax and surtax must inevitably show a considerable falling off. To some extent this may be made good by tariffs; but it is very obvious that if we are again to present the world with a balanced Budget further drastic cuts in Governmental expenditure must be made. This and this alone will justify the rise in gilt-edged stocks to their present level.

The European Dilemma

In the current monthly review of Lloyds Bank Ltd. Professor J. M. Clark, of Columbia University, contributes a valuable viewpoint of the American mind towards the present European economic dilemma. Professor Clark analyses the problem by arguing down to economic fundamentals. The adjustment of Debts, he maintains, is the thing that can be done most quickly; yet to do this thing and neglect others would in all probability be futile. "What might be done" he says, "is to extend the moratorium immediately and to follow that step with a general world economic conference. This conference need not settle everything at once. That would be too much to expect. The lowering of trade barriers can possibly best be approached by way of reprochements between groups of countries, of which the proposed Danubian Union may serve as a sample. Genuine progress in these matters might be sufficient to afford a prospect of real recovery, if accompanied by Debt revision." Whilst not unmindful of the difficulties, this prospect, Professor Clark considers, would justify the United States in a permanent revision of the Debts to a point which might end the present intolerable situation.

A Fine Record

Few enterprises can show greater progress or more consistent prosperity than Callender's Cable and Construction Company. Since the Ordinary capital was doubled

in 1918 the shareholders have received regular annual dividends of 15 per cent. and despite the difficulties of the past year this rate of distribution is to be maintained. Last November an interim dividend of 5 per cent. was paid and the directors now recommend a final distribution of 10 per cent., so that the record of the past twelve years remains unbroken. Not only so but twice in the period mentioned the Ordinary shareholders have received capital bonuses—one of 33½ per cent. in 1925 and one of 20 per cent. in 1928. Thus substantial improvement is implied by the maintenance of the dividend on the larger capital ranking. In 1920 each Ordinary and Preference share of £5 was subdivided into five shares of £1. The capital was then £1,300,000. It is now £2,300,000. With this sustained progress it is not surprising that the £1 Ordinary shares command a relatively high figure in the market. At to-day's value of 51/3, however, they do not appear overpriced seeing that the yield, allowing for accrued dividend, comes out at over 6 per cent.

Reduced Brewery Dividends

Two more Brewery companies are compelled to lower their interim dividends for the current year. Ind Coope and Company are paying only 6 per cent., less tax, against 7½ per cent. a year ago, while Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton are distributing 4 per cent., tax free, against 5 per cent., tax free, at this time last year. In neither case has the announcement caused surprise. At the meeting last December, the chairman of Ind Coope and Co., warned shareholders that the new beer duty would affect consumption, and consequently profits, seriously. That he was not wrong in his contention is strikingly shown by the fact that this is the first time for more than a dozen years that the company has had to reduce its Ordinary dividend. Throughout this period the annual rate of distribution has been 15 per cent. with added bonuses each year ranging from 5 per cent. to 25 per cent. Similarly with Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, whose current interim dividend is the lowest for a very long time.

Fortunate Shareholders.

An issue of Ordinary shares on bonus terms is being made to existing shareholders of the Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd. The issue consists of 434,240 new Ordinary shares of 5/- each to be marked as 10/- per share and will give a proportion of one new share on every five held. The new capital is needed to keep pace with the growth of business which "the almost complete cessation of foreign imports" has brought about. This, the directors state, has necessitated large works extensions, which last year cost the company and its subsidiaries something like £115,000. Less than one-half of the additional equipment was in production during the year but the whole of it should be working at full capacity before the autumn. This is good news for the shareholders who may look forward to the maintenance of the dividend at 35 per cent.—now distributed for the past six years—on the larger capital ranking.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Total Funds £40,697,400.

Total Income £9,901,800

LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

COMPANY MEETING

Melbourne Hart & Co. Ltd.**PUNCH and HOYO DE MONTERREY CIGARS**

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of Melbourne Hart & Co., Ltd., was held yesterday at the Registered Offices, 31/34, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

The Chairman (Mr. Percy H. L. Phillips), in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts for 1931, said:

"It is a pleasure to be able to meet you with a satisfactory Balance Sheet, in spite of the general trade depression. After having placed £3,603 6s. 2d. to Reserve (which now amounts to £12,306 14s. 4d.) and provided for the Preference Dividend, there is an available balance of £19,299 11s. 5d., out of which it is proposed to pay a dividend of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares. This will leave £7,299 11s. 5d. to be carried forward.

Future Outlook. There is no question that the increased duty on Havana Cigars will tend to restrict consumption, besides which I do not think any Distributor in touch with World markets would predict an early trade revival, but your Company is fortunate in controlling the marketing of two brands of Havana Cigars of outstanding popularity, namely, Punch and Hoyo de Monterrey; this should, in some way, compensate for the restriction in general trade, which must be expected by all engaged in luxury trades until World conditions improve."

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted, and the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 20 per cent., less Income Tax, for the year, was declared.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Directors and Staff.

COMPANY MEETING

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.**SUCCESS OF PUBLICATIONS**

The twelfth annual general meeting of Odhams Press Ltd. was held on Monday at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. W. J. B. Odhams (the chairman) said that last year they had been able to report an increase in the net profit from £203,653 to £261,268. In bringing the record up from £261,268 to £276,272 he thought shareholders would agree that it was not an unsatisfactory achievement in a year which had been a severe testing time for all commercial concerns from the smallest to the largest. The addition of the £300,000 to debenture stock made during the year had been for general purposes and expansion of the company's business, and for the development programme of the "Daily Herald."

Ten years ago the weekly net sales of "John Bull" had fallen to under 300,000, and it had ceased to be a paying proposition. They had full justification to-day for the expenditure entered into, because "John Bull" with its circulation of over a million and a half, was now one of the most profitable of their assets. "The People" had been taken over in 1925. The publication had not reached a profit-earning basis until the third year. After that the corner had been turned, and since then the publication had made still further progress, and last year the net profit, after meeting the year's development expenditure previously charged to capital account and all other charges, amounted to £84,416. The set-off against the expenditure was the splendid record of 3,000,000 net sales weekly.

As to the "Daily Herald," there was every indication that the same satisfactory result would be reached as had been the case with "John Bull" and "The People." Parenthetically he might remark that recently the space allocated to advertisements had been insufficient to meet the demands of the advertisers.

The report was adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION, LIMITED

The Annual Meeting was held on Wednesday last at Beaver House, Cannon Street, E.C. Sir George Paton (chairman) who presided, said:—

I must say a few words in regard to the tragic death of Mr. Ivar Kreuger, which took place in Paris on the 12th March last. The revelations and disclosures which have followed the suicide of this unscrupulous financier have shocked the whole world, and have shaken confidence to a degree which has seldom, if ever, been experienced. As you will remember, in 1927 when this Corporation was formed, we acquired the interests of the Swedish Match Company and its Associated Companies throughout the British Empire, other than in Asia, and the Swedish Match Company received 30 per cent. of the shares of this Corporation for their rights, i.e., 1,800,000 shares. These shares have been deposited with the Skandinaviska Bank in Stockholm, and I am pleased to tell you that we have been able to secure an agreement with that Bank and the Swedish Match Company, which provides that the shares will continue to be subject to the restrictions made under the original Agreement.

I must again repeat the statement which was issued by your Board on the 7th April, and which I also made the other day at the Meeting of the Shareholders of Bryant & May, viz., that neither the British Match Corporation nor any of its Subsidiaries have any holding of shares in the Swedish Match Company or any of the Kreuger Groups of Companies, and they have made no loans to these Companies nor have they entered into any financial guarantees in regard to them. Under all these conditions and remembering the Industrial depression, not only at home but throughout the whole world, it is very gratifying to your Board to be able to present to you Accounts showing a profit only slightly less than that of last year, and which will, I trust, be regarded by the Shareholders as satisfactory. This result has been secured notwithstanding the adverse effect of Exchanges, increased Income Tax and the new Import Duties on certain raw materials which we are obliged to import—notably timber. Matches, being already subject to Excise and Customs Duties imposed during the War for Revenue purposes, which have no protective effect, do not come within the scope of the Import Duties Act. As a result of this, Foreign manufacturers escape additional Import Duties on their Matches, which are made from the same raw materials on which the British Manufacturer must now pay. We laid our case before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he has not yet seen his way to correct this anomaly.

Shares in Subsidiary Companies are the same as last year. They yield a gross return of just under 10 per cent. Only dividends declared by the Subsidiary Companies have been taken into these Accounts, although, as many of you may know, these Subsidiary Companies have earned considerably more than the dividends declared. Amounts owing by Subsidiary Companies at £122,046 are reduced by £25,656.

From the Revenue Account you will see that the return at £455,917 is lower by £24,397. This is mainly accounted for by depreciation in Exchanges and a reduced Dividend from Brazil. The net result is that the Balance of profit is £442,597 against £461,387. We propose to write £40,000 off Goodwill, Rights, etc., the same as last year, and to make a beginning with a Reserve Fund by transferring £50,000 to it.

I am sure you will agree with me that the position of the Corporation and its Subsidiaries is financially strong and liquid, and when Trade improves, not only in this Country but throughout the world, we have every opportunity to get our full share. Until such time, we must practice rigid economy and endeavour to maintain the sound position which we have attained.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

PLEASE REMEMBER**THE H. 10. CANTEEN**

Belvedere Road, Lambeth S.E.1

Which is helping those Men and Boys who are suffering through the present Crisis.

SEND YOUR BIT TO HELP THE GOOD WORK

The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the most interesting of the week.—Ed.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- LYCEUM. *The Miracle*. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle. Reviewed this week.
- CRITERION. *Musical Chairs*. By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard." Reviewed this week.
- GLOBE. *Wings Over Europe*. By Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
- QUEEN'S. *Heartbreak House*. By Bernard Shaw. 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
- PLAYHOUSE. *Doctor Pygmalion*. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs. 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmond Breon and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy.
- ROYALTY. *While Parents Sleep*. By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Uproarious comedy, not for the squeamish.
- DUCHESS. *The Rose without a Thorn*. By Clifford Bax. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A dramatic and interesting play about Henry VIII.
- PALACE. *The Cat and the Fiddle*. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played.
- WESTMINSTER. *Tobias and the Angel*. By James Bridie. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Henry Ainley and a company of very clever actors in the most delightful comedy in London.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

- DAVENTRY NATIONAL.
- Monday, May 16, 9.20 p.m. The second talk in the series "The Rungs of the Ladder" will be given by Mr. W. H. Davies.
- Tuesday, May 17, 8.30 p.m. Mr. Stanley Casson will give the concluding talk in the series "Artists at Work."
- Wednesday, May 18, 7.10 p.m. Sir Daniel Hall, K.C.B., F.R.S., will give his fortnightly talk on Farming.
- 8.0 p.m. Act I. of "The Flying Dutchman" (Wagner), conducted by Robert Heger, will be relayed from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.
- 9.20 p.m. Sir William Rothenstein will give the weekly talk under the title "Musings without Method."
- Thursday, May 19, 9.20 p.m. Mr. Vernon Bartlett will give his weekly talk on "The Way of the World."
- Friday, May 20, 7.30 p.m. Professor James Ritchie, D.Sc., will give the last talk in his series "The Changing Face of Nature."
- Saturday, May 21, 9.20 p.m. Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., will give the first talk in a new series entitled "Hazard." Rear-Admiral Evans will talk about "Antarctic Sledging with Captain Scott."

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE CARLTON. *Shanghai Express*. Marlene Dietrich in a good melodrama directed by Josef von Sternberg.
- THE RIALTO. *Il Est Charmant*. Criticized in this issue.
- THE ACADEMY. *Mädchen in Uniform*. A finely acted and beautifully directed German picture.
- THE TIVOLI. *Arrowsmith*. The screen adaptation of Mr. Lewis's book continues. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes.
- THE NEW GALLERY. *The Faithful Heart*. Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. Victor Saville directs.
- THE PLAZA. *Northern Lights*. Official film record of the Watkins expedition of 1930 to the Arctic. In support *The Miracle Man*.
- THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION. *A Woman Commands*. Criticized in this issue.

GENERAL RELEASES

- Platinum Blonde*. An amusing sophisticated comedy.
- Lullaby*. A fine performance by Helen Hayes in an emotional picture.
- Strictly Dishonourable*. Not nearly so good as the play; but Sidney Fox and Paul Lukas are in the cast.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST.

- My Candid Recollections*. By the Duke of Manchester. Grayson. 21s. Ducal and discreet.
- Ponies and Women*. By Col. T. P. Melvill. Jarrold. 12s. 6d. As George Edwardes had it, "Fast women and slow horses are the road to ruin."
- The Looting of Nicaragua*. By General R. de Nogales Wright. 15s. An exposure of Dollar Diplomacy.
- Down the Garden Path*. By Beverley Nichols. Cape. 7s. 6d. A book about gardening.
- Folly Calling*. By E. V. Knox. Methuen. 5s. "Evoc" in verse.
- The Land of Timur*. By A. Polovtsoff. Methuen. 10s. 6d. Russian Turkestan, by a high diplomat (pre-war).
- A Scientist Among the Soviets*. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. Professor Julian Huxley on Stalin and company.
- Velvet and Vinegar*. By Norman Thwaites. Grayson. 21s. One who "knows the cities of many men and their minds."
- Under the Fifth Rib*. By C. E. M. Joad. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d. Confessions and Impressions.

NOVELS

- The Sweepstake Prize*. By A. P. Nicholson. Benn. 7s. 6d.
- Ship in the Night*. By Robert Neumann. P. Davies. 7s. 6d.

LO

N
P

ch.
di
us
on
cy.
pt.
e "
en.
nt-
us.
and
on.
nen
and
enn.
vica